

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

IN THIS ISSUE

An article on Chief Justice Meredith, by H. H. Dewart, shows the anomaly of Our Judges Making Our Laws. E. Wyly Grier, Past-President of the O. S. A., deals racyly with the New Art Movement, the Cubist Craze. The Monocle Man discusses Love in a Cottage as applied to "Eugenics." Lucy M. Montgomery has a Charming Story, "The Promise of Lucy Ellen."

*Woman's
Supplement*

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XIII.

TORONTO

NO. 22

CONTENTS

Our Overcrowded Ports Illustrated.

Shall Judges Make Laws? By H. H. Dewart.
An able monograph on Sir William Meredith.

A Reply to Critics By George Charleson.

The Cubist Craze By E. Wyly Grier.
The New Art Movement as seen by a Canadian Painter.

Alphonse Verville, M.P. By H. W. A.

Promise of Lucy Ellen By L. M. Montgomery.
One of those old-fashioned love stories never out of date.

Eugenics By the Monocle Man.
A new theory seen through old spectacles.

News of a Week Photographs.
Woman's Supplement.

The Canadian Equestrienne is made to ride by "Erin"; the editor sets forth the accomplishment of the I. O. D. E. in Winnipeg; and the "pick o' the news" of the provinces is discussed for busy women throughout the Dominion.

Demi-Tasse By Staff Contributors.

The Impostor, Serial By Harold Bindloss.

Money and Magnates By the Financial Editor.

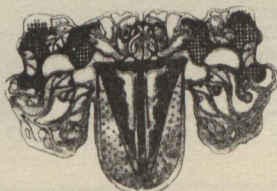
Reflections By the Editor.



Editor's Talk

OUR short story for next week is a tale of the north by that facile outpost-country writer, H. A. Cody. "When the Line Broke" is not a blood-and-thunder, weirdly impossible thing, but a strongly human story of the experiences of a lonely man—who because of revenge intended to commit murder, but because of human suffering became a man. Mr. W. Stewart, a newspaper man well versed in the civic problems of Montreal, writes on "The Town Manager," an interesting article on a novel experiment in civic administration being made by Westmount, Quebec. The Personalities and Problems contribution next week will deal with a very prominent musical character who always does something new and doesn't mind spending a year in the art centres of Europe in order to get things that ordinarily don't come to this country by writing letters. Mr. Fred Jacob will contribute a brisk, illuminative article on Canada's national game—a crisis in lacrosse.

The article in this issue on "Shall Our Judges Make Our Laws?" is the first attempt ever made to reduce to writing a real analysis of a most baffling character in Canadian public life. Those who want a glimpse of such a character behind the newspaper curtain may get it in that article.



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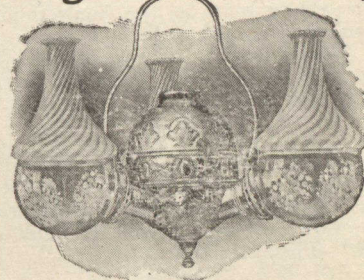
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In Lighter Vein

An Oversight.—The conversation led to the beauty of having abundant nerve the other evening, when Senator Clapp of Minnesota told of a man who went into a fashionable restaurant, accompanied by a couple of children, and after ordering a lemon soda, asked the waiter to bring him three plates. This, according to Senator Clapp, the waiter did, but when he saw the man take some sandwiches from his pocket, put them on the plates, and pass them around to the kids he reported the matter to the boss. "What are you doing?" indignantly cried the manager, rushing over to the sandwich party. "Don't you know that this isn't a free picnic ground, where you bring your own food?" "Is that so?" was the calm rejoinder of the man, passing along another sandwich. "Who are you?" "I am the manager," blustered the boss, with rising heat. "I—" "Just the very person that I have been looking for," interjected the unperturbed party. "Why isn't the orchestra playing?"

Tact.—"I had a poet on one side and a millionaire on the other."
"What did you talk about?"
"I talked to the poet about money and to the millionaire about the intellectual life."—Life.

Misunderstood.—"I understand that the young man in the house next to you is a finished cornetist?"
"Gee! Is he? I was just screwing up my courage to finish him myself! Who did it?"—Houston Post.

Coloured Epigram.—A coloured philosopher is reported to have said, "Life, my breddren, am mos'ly made up of prayin' for rain, and then wishin' it would clear off."—Presbyterian.

No Choice.—"I have taken a job," said the plain young woman, "as a school-teacher." At this her chum cried: "What! Teach school! Why, I'd rather marry a soft, fat, baldheaded widower with eight children than teach school!" The plain young woman sighed. "Ah!" she said, "so would I."—Baltimore Sun.

Appreciated Brevity.—Doctor Abernethy, the famous Scotch surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match—in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh one day and showed a hand badly inflamed and swollen, when the following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place:

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman called again, and the dialogue was as follows:

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More poultice."

Two days later the woman made another call, and this conversation occurred:

"Better?"

"Well, Fee?"

"Nothing!" exclaimed the doctor. "Most sensible woman I ever met."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Prescience.—Boy—"Quick! Bring a hambulance down to Paradise Court."
P. C.—"What for?"
Boy—"Mrs. Murphy's caught another liddy sneakin' 'er broom."—London Sketch.

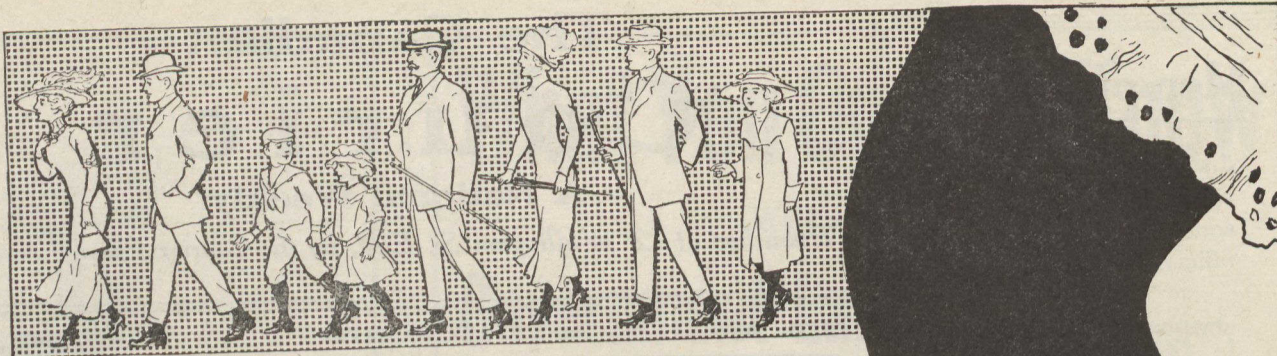
An Old Art.—Briggs—"Castleton has been promising to pay back that loan for a long time now, but he never does."

Griggs—"He's an artist in that sort of thing."

"Yes, Futurist."

That's the Question.—"Here is a story of a Chicago woman who says that present marriage laws make woman the slave of man," said the square-jawed matron as she looked up from the newspaper.

"Why don't they enforce the law, then?" meekly asked Mr. Henpecke.—Buffalo Express.



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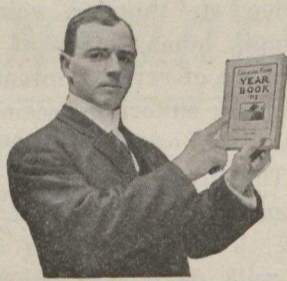


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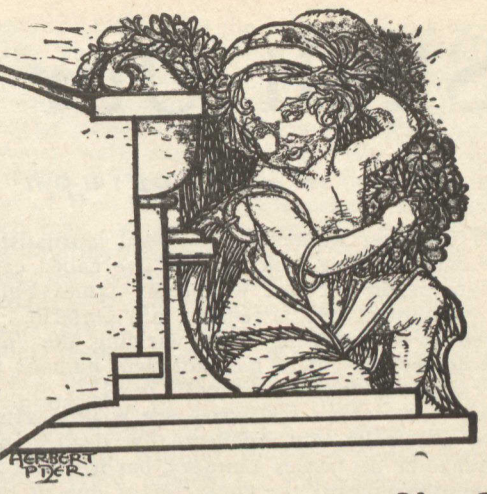
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The CANADIAN COURIER *The National Weekly*



Vol. XIII.

May 3, 1913

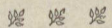
No. 22

Our Eastern Gateways are Crowded Full

THE greatest immigration year in the history of Canada is now well under way. Last year—up to March 31st, 1913, the total volume of immigration was greater than in any previous year. The year ending March 31st, 1914, should, at the same ratio, see nearly 500,000 newcomers in Canada.

The story has been often told. But it has a constantly new significance. It affects every department of national activity—steamshipping, rail-roading, business, trade and politics. Half a million new people to be assimilated in Canada every year, is on the basis of population the biggest contract ever known in the melting pot line. The United States never had such a contract. That country had three times the present population of Canada before the foreign movement began. No other country is able to show such huge results in immigration, based upon the most aggressive campaign of advertising ever known in Europe. The countries of Europe are full of advertisements setting forth the advantages of settling in Canada. Steamship loads of people, thousands in a day, are the result.

Meanwhile the eastern ports of St. John and Halifax have great difficulty in handling the immense volume of immigration business, added to the ever-increasing bulk of freight traffic. The pictures on this page give a slight indication of the congestion. Another phase of the problem presents itself in the enlargement of the wheat spout at lake terminals—with new elevators going up at Port Arthur and Fort William, corresponding to the rapid increase in immigration.

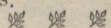


DURING the fiscal year ended March 31st, 1913, 402,432 immigrants arrived in Canada. This total is made up of 150,542 British, 139,009 from the United States, and 112,881 from all other countries combined.

Immigration for the preceding fiscal year, the twelve months ended March 31st, 1912, was: British, 138,121; from the United States, 133,710; and from all other countries combined, 82,406; total, 354,237.

The percentages of increase are: British, 9 per cent.; American, 4 per cent.; other countries, 37 per cent.; total, 14 per cent.

To illustrate the magnitude of these figures it is only necessary to state that last year's immigration to Canada is greater than the total population of New Brunswick, according to the Census of 1911, by more than fifty thousand souls.



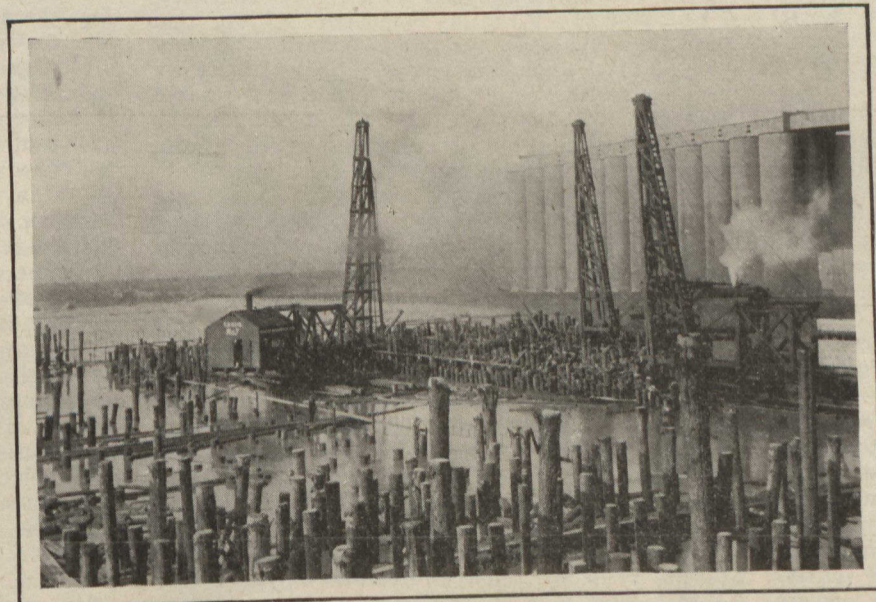
THE rapid expansion of the foreign trade of Canada is putting a severe tax upon the facilities of our national ports. On many occasions



"Pumping in the Immigrants"—Thousands in a Day at St. John.



In St. John Harbour Ocean Liners Are Crowded Like Dinghies at a Yacht Race.



New Government Elevator, Building at Port Arthur, to Hold 3,250,000 Bushels.

during the winter just closing the port of St. John, N.B., has been overcrowded with shipping, and shipping men of Montreal are now expressing fears that there will be considerable congestion at that port during the coming summer. The accompanying pictures illustrate most effectively the need of rapid provision of more harbour facilities there, as well as the great growth of our overseas commerce. On several occasions conditions in St. John harbour have been even worse than those shown by the pictures; on one trip the big Allan liner Hesperian had to wait out in the Bay of Fundy, being unable either to find a dock or anchorage room in the harbour. Another time the C. P. R. sent a wireless message to the Mount Temple while she was off the banks of Newfoundland, ordering her to come on at half speed, as it would be impossible to dock her for several days. It has been a very common sight this winter to see two or more big ocean boats lying in the stream waiting for a chance to get alongside the piers.

The shipping companies have lost a good deal of money as a result of the lack of adequate harbour facilities. Even for the smaller boats in the trans-Atlantic trade, the delay of a day means a dead loss of at least \$300 for a single ship—to say nothing of the loss of earnings.

In view of the gigantic efforts being made by Boston, New York and Providence to develop their harbours and capture more trade, it will apparently be necessary to rush the work of providing greater port facilities at both St. John and Montreal, if Canadian trade is to be preserved for Canadian channels. So serious is the situation considered at St. John that Mayor Frink and the Commissioner of Harbours recently went to Ottawa to urge the Government to hasten the work of harbour development, and make provision for at least two more berths on the west side before the opening of next winter's navigation.

The Government is constructing a new harbour at Courtenay Bay, on the east side of St. John, but this will not be available for four or five years. In the meantime the winter port traffic is increasing at a tremendous rate, and in order to accommodate it new piers will have to be built on the west side as fast apparently as it will be practicable to construct them.

The base of it all is "pumping in the immigrants." The elevators at Port Arthur and Fort William and Montreal are merely the reflex of the immigrant wharves at Halifax and St. John. We may be able to assimilate the immigrants. We are evidently able to make of them first-rate producers. But our facilities for handling them and the things they produce are lamentably inadequate.

Shall Our Judges Make Our Laws?

A Monograph on the Incomparable Chief Justice of Ontario

By H. H. DEWART

Do you ever wonder as you read journalistic criticisms, or look at what are called cartoons, in each of which Sir James Pliny Whitney, the Premier of Ontario, is portrayed as a blustering bully wielding the "big club," whether Sir James has sufficient humour to really realize the delicious irony of it all?

In most cases men's obituaries are written after they are physically, not intellectually, dead. But this is not to be Sir James' obituary, but is meant to be a candid outline of the character of one of the most extraordinary outstanding figures in Canadian political life to-day. For Sir William Ralph Meredith, the Chief Justice of Ontario, is very much alive. If the old maxim, "nil nisi bonum mortuis," is to be regarded, then heroic treatment of living issues will at least not carry with it the suggestion of cowardice.

If you should chance to stroll into what was formerly the abode of the Court of Appeal for the Province of Ontario, but now, it is said by the grace of Sir William, dignified as the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of Ontario, you may have the good fortune, if his Division of the Court is sitting, to see the Chief Justice of the Province of Ontario presiding over and apparently dominating the Court. And you at once remark the commanding presence of the President of the Court over which Sir William presides. He wears his nearly seventy-three years lightly. Born of a family with splendid vitality, which has probably produced in the same generation in Ontario a better general average of strong, vigorous sons than any other, with the acknowledged exception of the Oslers, he is to-day deservedly the Chief of his Clan.

As you look at him, you will, as an honest observer, acknowledge that you are before a strong man. There is good, red blood in his face, unless he is very much annoyed, and you know that there is good, red blood in his veins. If you had seen him in his garden that morning you would realize, as some others try to do, what the nearness to nature can do for physical fitness. He is also well groomed. His trimmed, grey beard, which he may perchance stroke, shows that he has time enough, despite his enormous capability for work, to attend to what many a younger man thinks is a superfluous duty. The Chief Justice of Ontario should look the part, and he does. He has a leonine countenance. And if any man mistakes an occasional nervousness in his manner, and an averted eye, for weakness or indecision, let him beware. For the Chief Justice has been known to give a very adverse judgment when he was not looking at the victim.

An Irritable Judge.

WHEN Sir William was not Appellate Judge, you may have heard it said that Counsel complained that Sir William was irritable. Well, perhaps he was not the only judicial offender. True, he has sometimes opened Court ahead of time—but then he had done several hours' work in the garden while Counsel was asleep, and he had forgotten that the hard-working Counsel might have been digging in another garden while he was asleep. But as the new Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of Ontario is only coming into effective existence at the very time that this is being written, it is fair to say that this appreciation of the high judicial talents of the new Chief Justice is based upon his previous experience, while he was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

That he was a strong Judge no one ever doubted. He did not need any certificates from any higher Court to establish that fact. But that he has been occasionally irritable and imperious, he would very probably, upon reflection, himself admit. And in this connection, it has even been rumoured outside the court-room, that many Counsel have heretofore said that they would prefer not to try a case before Sir William if they could help it. Why? Was it because they thought that they had to contend with not only what they conceived to be an impatient (judicial) temperament, but occasionally because they thought the Chief Justice had so carefully read the documents in the case that he had preconceived ideas as to what the law was, applicable to the case? If so, they were wrong; Sir William would not make his judgment fit his ideas as to what the law should be, but he may not have been able to forget the fact that he had to interpret a law that he did not draw. Those who never jockeyed, as some lawyers are said to have done, to get a case away from him,

but took their chances, after what was generally a strenuous fight usually broke even. But no one should go before Sir William with a case ill-prepared or the law badly digested.

Sir William is, however, not the first, but probably the most forceful Judge who has ever introduced the Socratic method of cross-examining Counsel into our Courts. His brain works quickly—perhaps as may presently be observed, the result of a long experience in political opposition. He seems to have the idea, born of his previous political suspicions, that to clarify his own mind he must argue the case with each Counsel in turn. Older Counsel never thought that because the former Chief Justice of the Common Pleas argued out the case with the appellate Counsel, he would not put the other Counsel to the same test. With younger Counsel, however, the effect of such judicial cross-examination has been seen to be distinctly disconcerting, and their arguments have not been presented in the consecutive form they had planned; but that may have been the fault of the argument or the preparation.

Unduly Argumentative.

THIS leads to another observation. Sir William is not the only one in the like case offending. It has been whispered abroad, by those who should frankly say so, that he is not the only Judge who is unduly argumentative when Counsel is trying to make a fair argument. Lawyers may waste time, but there are many reasonable Counsel who think that less time would be wasted if Counsel were allowed to conclude their sometimes rambling remarks to a reasonably early conclusion. If Sir William Meredith will institute a new era in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of Ontario he will receive the halo due to a legal benefactor.

By way of contrast I remember an incident referred to by one of our Canadian Counsel who had been in England on some case before the Privy Council. The then Lord Chancellor, a fine example of the best judicial temperament in England, was presiding. And when he had to withdraw to sign an Imperial document, he apologized, with the most ample explanation to the Counsel present. When, later in the argument, some point had not been made clear to him, he did not cross-examine the Counsel who was speaking, but asked him if a certain question would disarrange his argument. When Counsel said it would not, he put his question, and when it was answered, he thanked Counsel, as the courteous English gentleman he was. He wanted to know what the Counsel had to say, not to force an argument on preconceived lines. He knew and could apply the law, he wanted the facts and the view-point of Counsel.

It would be well if we had our professional ideas cultivated up to this view of the ethical relations of the Bench and the Bar. Somehow the "judicial temperament," as it is understood in Great Britain, does not always make itself manifest here.

Some Lawyers May Deserve It.

ALL of which suggests a thought not necessarily connected with the immediate subject, that there are members of the Bar in Ontario who complain of a lack of judicial consideration. If there are members of the Bar who are crude and deserve repression, then let those who offend be judicially disciplined. There have been fully deserved judicial castigations in England, and, well—much nearer to Toronto. All that Counsel ask is a little less judicial impatience. The poor chap is really to be pitied who has to stand and answer a cross-fire of interlocutory judicial argument which is really a shot at the brother Judge who has made an interjectory remark of more or less bearing on the real issue. Counsel very often have to exercise patience under judicial differences. Why should the Court make this necessary? Better things are looked for in the new Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of Ontario. And if this diversion has strayed from the subject, you must eliminate as a personal reference all that does not refer to the Chief Justice of Ontario.

To return to the subject of this sketch—the career of Sir William Ralph Meredith, fully written, would be the most interesting narrative of a man who never succeeded politically in anything that

he originally undertook, and then ruled over the very territory that had rejected him, while the suppositious ruler believed, or made the people believe, that he was ruling it himself.

A brief review of his career would show that his keenly analytical mind was one of the main secrets of his success at the Bar. Men with commercial instincts cannot understand why a successful lawyer should not let well enough alone. They cannot understand that success in one field may whet the appetite for other fields to conquer. With the commercial man, it may be another merger or another flotation, but it is still commercial. With the man of more intellectual pursuits, it is the desire for power to dictate the policy that may control not merely the mercenary, but also the intellectual and moral energies of the people. And what greater field should appeal to a successful lawyer than the political arena, in which the trained legal mind may try to mould the policy of a Province, a Dominion, or an Empire? The sense of intellectual power is a stronger, more abiding and more satisfying object of ambition than any merely financial magnate will ever be able to comprehend. There are those to whom financial successes have, earlier or later in life, given the opportunity to develop latent talents, and realize what poorer men have all along enjoyed without envy of their richer neighbours.

So, it is not surprising that the subject of this sketch, the successful lawyer, the earnest and convincing Counsel, while not abandoning the practice of his profession, entered the political arena a little over forty years ago. Elected as member for London in 1872, his forceful, and usually fair, advocacy of his party's views, speedily brought him to the front. So much so, that upon the retirement to the Bench of (Sir) Matthew Crooks Cameron, in 1878, he succeeded that vigilant and incisive political chief, as leader of Her Majesty's loyal Opposition in Ontario. Until 1892 he maintained an undisputed position as leader of the Conservative party in the Province of Ontario.

Educational Issues.

DURING the latter portion of this period, educational issues were storm centres in Ontario. Oddly enough, he opposed the placing of the Department of Education under the control of a responsible Minister of the Crown, a policy that does not seem to meet with any particular governmental objection to-day. He has lived to see Herod out-Herod Herod. In view of his close connection with more recent legislation, can it be doubted that he has given legislative approval, or at least adherence, to the present Conservative principle (if it can be called a principle) of making all departments of the public service subject to political control, without the immediate supervision of a responsible Minister?

There were other educational issues upon which the then leader of the Opposition endeavoured to build up a policy. It was a time when there was an earnest effort to respect and homologate religious differences in educational matters without the sacrifice of any honest principle. Ontario was still in the making, and diverse interests had to be wisely considered. That was the statesmanlike view. But it offered an opportunity and a temptation to introduce the wedge of sectarian cleavage. Was it possible to win success by so doing?

The opinion of the majority of the voters, when he went to the polls, showed that they thought that he had disregarded the interests of an important section of the community to too great an extent and had relied upon fallacious documents as an adventitious aid to success. The result appeared to indicate that the people of the Province of Ontario realized that he had not learned the lesson that in the game of politics the consideration of the interests of every man, no matter what his race or creed, is the real touchstone of political success and lasting reputation, rather than reliance on the narrow issues upon which appeals are too often made to the people. No one ever doubted the honesty of Mr. William R. Meredith, as leader of the Opposition, in advocating the narrower sectarian views which he then proposed. He had, as others have had since, the courage of his convictions. But he failed. The Province was not to be run, as it never will be run, upon the extreme and narrow lines he then proposed. But he was a bonnie fighter.

And at the same time his legal mind made him a most effective critic of every measure which was

brought up in the House. He demonstrated the effect and force of legitimate criticism in Parliament. A Government which has many duties to perform will never object to such criticism. And to the eternal credit of Sir William and also of Sir Oliver Mowat and the Hon. (now Sir) John Gibson, be it said, that no reasonable amendment Mr. W. R. Meredith ever suggested was not duly considered before it was rejected. The Province of Ontario benefited by his critical assistance in matters of general civil legislation. Speaking of him at this stage, W. R. Meredith is entitled to the highest credit for giving an absolute attention to the duties that as leader of the Opposition he had to perform. He sacrificed a large legal practice when he was at the top of his bent. He was a man of ideas and ideals. But he failed to convince the people of the Province of Ontario that his mind was broad enough to justify a Province with diverse interests, in entrusting them to a leader with what they conceived to be a prejudiced mind.

And so, the rejected of the people, who had sacrificed a legal practice and fortune in his native city of London, let a mantle which was big enough to have covered all his followers, rest upon the shoulders of a gentleman whom fame has long since forgotten. Then Sir William took the position of Corporation Counsel for the city of Toronto at an inadequate salary and illuminated the office by an ability which has cast a lustre upon it and has lent an added dignity to every subsequent occupant. The city of Toronto has had no such legal adviser before or since the time when W. R. Meredith handled its business. Only the exigencies of political warfare and defeat made such an unexpected accident as his appointment to that office possible.

But a better appreciation was waiting for him when, in 1894, with a Conservative administration still in power at Ottawa, he accepted the position of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, a position to which his legal ability, apart from his devoted political service, well entitled him. He was knighted in 1906, an unbegrudged and well-worn honour. His political career was, or should have been, at an end. We have had odd but good old British traditions in Ontario. We must not forget them. We accept the Lord Chancellor of England as a time-honoured political anomaly. But we have made no other exception to the rule that Judges must not be legislators.

Who Has Been the Law-maker?

THE year 1904 witnessed the accession to power of James P. Whitney as Premier of Ontario. The stronger man had failed where the other succeeded. But from the day of grace in 1904 when the Conservative party took control of the business of the Province of Ontario, who has been the law-maker?

The Statutes of Ontario were then in course of their decennial revision, which should mean consolidation for convenient reference. They were due in 1907. We have not seen them yet. Sir William was made Chairman of the Revision Committee. A new principle was introduced. The statutes are not being revised, but reconstructed, and year by year we get some piecemeal results of the judicial mind. Some time, when the impress of this mind has been placed upon all the public statutes of the Province, we shall get the *Reconstructed* Statutes of Ontario, but not before. And here I disclaim any suggestion that this delay has been due to the appurtenant fees. That is a matter for politicians to discuss. The real reason will presently appear.

Sir William is not entirely to be blamed for the delay. His judicial duties would fully employ a man of a less active and energetic nature. But the reconstruction of the general civil statutes was not the only additional burden that was placed upon him by those who must have considered themselves less competent. Or perhaps they felt that he must still fulfil the interrupted destiny for which he had been intended. Were there other matters upon which he must place his imprimatur?

In this Province, no two subjects in the jurisdiction of the local Government are more important than the civil laws which govern the every-day life and relations of the people, and those laws which determine the education of the youth. And the capstone in our Provincial Educational System is the University of Toronto. So a Commission was appointed (Sir James Pliny Whitney being apparently its sponsor, though not its natural father) to consider and advise and formulate into statutes a new policy for the University. Sir William was naturally appointed the Chairman and guiding spirit of this Commission. It developed a new line of policy. Sir James Pliny Whitney, good, honest man, accepted it. He may not have understood it, but he was strong enough to insist

upon conditions. So he imposed upon Sir William the duty of acting as Chancellor and interpreting and administering the legislation of which he had been the more than putative father.

Even at the present moment Sir William has to determine how much or how little our ill-paid Professors shall receive. The payment of their salaries in full may interfere with some previously projected scheme of extension, in case some of our plutocrats have escaped the succession duties by a well-timed distribution of the patrimonial estates. He may also have, in another capacity, to decide whether the semi-autocratic Board of Governors really is (what appears to have been intended, and what, as Chairman of the Board he has instructed Counsel to contend) the real Crown, which can do no wrong, and whether it is or is not liable for actual civil wrongs. But under the Act that he has drawn, the gracious consent of the real Crown (alias Attorney-General) must first be obtained before he can ultimately pass upon his legislation.

These latter observations only concern Sir William's influence in certain educational spheres. Can any higher evidence possibly be given to his splendid vital force and dominating character than his appointment, under the conditions outlined, as Chancellor of Toronto University?

Perhaps there can. One answer is to be found in the reconstruction of our Ontario courts of law, where again Sir William's constructive ability is reputed to have had full sway.

Too Many Appeals.

NO honest practitioner disputes the fact that with appeal to a Divisional Court of three Judges and thence to the Court of Appeal, there were too many appeals. The remedy might have been found in restricting litigious appellants to one or to the other tribunal. But Sir William's Act creates a new second Appellate Court of five Judges, the second Court chosen annually by the Judges themselves.



Sir William Meredith, who on the Bench, or at a University Convocation, or in a Street-car is the Prince of Autocrats—may have his own opinions also among his flowers.

Under the old system, it appeared that more Judges were needed, as with a Divisional Court of three Judges and a Court of Appeal of five Judges sitting at the same time, eight Judges would be engaged. But if only one Court of Appeal is sitting in any week, only five Judges are sitting in an Appellate Court, and the other five are free for special emergencies. So the earlier recommendation of the High Court Judges, in favour of the appointment of two unattached Judges, was, under the changed conditions, declared by them to be unnecessary—by all but one. The one was Sir William. He may be right. But he was in a recognizable minority. The more recently appointed Judges—and they are good Judges; no one questions their judicial capacity—were appointed. The judicial minority was the masterful legislative mind.

But there is a further answer to the question. The new law relating to the constitution of and the procedure in the Higher Courts of Ontario only

came into force upon the first day of January, A.D. 1913. This Act provided for the extinction of all Chief Justices, including the Chancellor, after the present Chancellor and the three Chief Justices of the Queen's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer were superannuated. We must presume that that is what is meant, for there is no suggestion of their earlier electrocution. It would have been easy for a strong legislative mind when constituting the Supreme Court of Ontario (an anomalous title, when we have the Supreme Court of Canada)—it would have been easy to have preserved the time-honoured names of Chancellor and Chief Justice of the several—perhaps inferior—courts, names which carry with them good English traditions that we all revere. But it was not to be. The Legislature, or shall I say the Legislator, Sir James Pliny Whitney, or whoever did really legislate, decreed otherwise. Paraphrasing the tables of stone (no, that will not do, for it might be profane), it only occurred to me because of the parallel between Sir William and Moses—let us not carry it too far—paraphrasing the Act, it declared: "Thou shalt have no other Chief Justices before the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for the Province of Ontario."

We had all hoped that the urbane and truly eminent judicial mind of Sir Charles Moss would have been spared for many years to preside over our Court of Appeal for the Province of Ontario as Chief Justice of a Province that had learned to respect him as a man and also as a Judge for his unfailing courtesy and legal justness and discrimination. But in the unfortunate event of his much-lamented death, before the first day of January, 1913, the appointment of a well-qualified Judge, Sir William Ralph Meredith, was rendered possible to the highest judicial position in the new structure which he receives credit for having himself devised, and also the appointment of his more erudite and equally dignified brother as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas to a position that he will honour as the last of a distinguished line, of which that fine jurist, Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron, was not the least, nor the least loved and appreciated by Bench and Bar, client or opposing litigant.

But in the appreciation of others, there are phases of Sir William's more recent activities that must not be overlooked. There has been a wide-spread feeling that our Workmen's Compensation Act is antiquated. Rightly or wrongly, Parliament has been going ahead in Great Britain. There is a tendency to make the employer an absolute insurer of his workmen against accident. Some were bold enough to think that Sir James Pliny Whitney had expressed his own views, and not those of the former radical leader of the Opposition, when, in 1911, he practically made the employer an absolute insurer in all cases of scaffold accident. He may have been only trying it out on the dog, but in any event it was advanced and stringent legislation. But it was not all that the advanced labour views on that subject demanded. The manufacturers also wanted some scheme of Government insurance or at least co-operative contribution.

His Untiring Energy.

NO higher tribute to Sir William Meredith's diligence, vital energy and controlling legislative power can be paid to him or to any man than what happened at this juncture. Despite his strenuous Court work, his duties as Chancellor of the University, his work as Chairman of the persistently dilatory Statute Reconstruction Commission, nay, even though he was sole Commissioner in the Farmers' Bank Investigation, his untiring energy enabled him to undertake, as Commissioner, research in England and continental Europe and the taking of evidence in Canada to determine what from our Workmen's Compensation Act should really take.

Presently, when Sir James has accepted the views of his Commissioner as to the reformation of the Workmen's Compensation Act, the Supreme Court of Ontario (Appellate Division) will have to determine and in most cases decide what it all means.

This is no cavil at Sir William for receiving additional rewards for extra services. It is notorious that our Superior Court Judges are shamefully unpaid and they may be well entitled to perquisites. Nor must this sketch be considered as other than complimentary in the highest degree to the restless, insatiable character of Sir William's energies. No one doubts the ability and capacity of Sir William's brain. Indeed, if this sketch has failed to portray the full forcefulness, intellectual furbishing and legal ability of the man who honours the position of Chief Justice of Ontario, then it has missed its mark. There is not a fair-minded man—be he

(Concluded on page 19.)

The Promise of Lucy Ellen

A Simple Little Story of Love and Memory as Old as the Hills

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Drawings by E. Darby Moore

CECILY BELL walked down the sloping, fir-fringed Avonlea road, scarfed with its ribbon of golden rod, at a leisurely pace. Usually she walked with a long, determined, almost masculine stride, but to-day the drowsy, mellowing influence of the golden completeness of the autumn afternoon was strong upon her and filled her with a placid content.

Without being actively conscious of it—for Cecily Bell was not given to self-analysis or introspection—she was serenely satisfied with the existing circumstances of her life. It was half over now. The half of it yet to be lived stretched before her, tranquil, pleasant, and uneventful, like the afternoon, filled with unhurried duties and calmly interesting occupations. Cecily liked the prospect. She had never, even in youth, been very fond of excitement or change, and now she loathed it.

When she came to her own lane she paused, folding her hands on top of the whitewashed gate, while she basked for a moment in the warmth that seemed cupped in the little grassy hollow, hedged about with young fir trees.

Before her lay sere, brooding fields sloping down to a blue cove, where the tide was keeping its world-old tryst with the shore, and a misty sea was lapping gladly on the windy sands. The hushed air was threaded with a murmurous refrain of minstrel winds and waves.

On the crest of the little hill to her right was her home—hers and Lucy Ellen's. The house was an old-fashioned, weather-grey one, with gables and porches overgrown with vines that had turned to wine-reds and rich bronzes in the October frosts. On three sides it was closed in by tall, old spruces, their outer sides bared and grim from long wrestling with the Atlantic winds, but their inner green and feathery. On the fourth side a trim, whitewashed paling shut in the flower-garden—a blossom-red-dened haunt beloved of bees. Cecily could see the beds of purple and scarlet asters, making rich whorls of colour under the parlour and sitting-room windows. Lucy Ellen's bed was larger and gayer than Cecily's. Lucy Ellen had always had better luck with flowers.

Cecily could see old Boxer asleep on the front porch step, and Lucy Ellen's white cat stretched out on the parlour window-sill. There was no other sign of life about the place.

Cecily drew a long, leisurely breath of satisfaction.

"After tea I'll dig up them dahlia roots," she said, aloud. "They ought to be up. My, how blue and soft that sea is! I never saw such a lovely day for the time of year. I've been gone longer than I expected. I hope Lucy Ellen hasn't been lonesome."

When Cecily looked back from the misty ocean to the house, she was surprised to see a man coming with a jaunty step down the lane under the gnarled spruces. She looked at him perplexedly. He must be a stranger, for she was sure no Avonlea man walked like that.

"Some agent has been pestering Lucy Ellen, I suppose," she muttered, vexedly.

THE stranger came on with an airy briskness quite foreign to Avonlea folk. Cecily opened the gate and went through. They met under the amber-tinted sugar maple in the heart of the hollow. As he passed, the man lifted his hat and bowed with an ingratiating smile.

He was about fifty, well though rather loudly dressed, with an air of self-satisfied prosperity pervading his whole personality. He had a heavy gold watch chain and the hand that lifted his hat was adorned with a large seal ring. He was bald, with a high, Shakespearean forehead, and a halo of sandy curls. His face was ruddy and weak, but

good-natured; his eyes were large, prominent, and blue; he had a little, straw-coloured moustache, with a juvenile twist and curl in it.

Cecily did not recognize him, yet there was something about him that seemed vaguely familiar. She walked rapidly up to the house. In the sitting-

serious expression and intense way of looking at life, had an irrepressible sense of humour.

Tea that evening was not the pleasant meal it usually was. The two women were wont to talk animatedly to each other, and Cecily had many things to tell Lucy Ellen. She did not tell them. Neither did Lucy Ellen ask any questions. She ate and drank rather absently, her ill-concealed excitement hanging around her like a festal garment.

Cecily's heart was on fire with alarm. She smiled a little cruelly as she buttered, and ate her toast.



"The man lifted his hat and bowed with an ingratiating smile."

room she found Lucy Ellen peering out between the muslin window curtains. When the latter turned there was an air of repressed excitement about her, and her eyes, still as blue as forget-me-nots, were shining.

"Who was that man, Lucy Ellen?" asked Cecily, as she took off her hat.

To Cecily's amazement Lucy Ellen blushed in the most uncalled-for manner. The warm, spring-like flood of colour rolled over her delicate, faded little face like a miracle of rejuvenescence.

"Didn't you know him? That was Cromwell Sloane," she simpered. Although Lucy Ellen was forty and, in most respects, sensible, she could not help simpering upon occasion.

"Cromwell Sloane!" repeated Cecily, in an emotionless voice.

She took off her hat mechanically, brushed the dust from its ribbons and flowers, and went to put it carefully away in its white box in the spare bedroom. She felt as if she had had a severe shock, and she dared not ask anything more just then. Lucy Ellen's blush had frightened her. It seemed to open up sudden, dizzying, hateful possibilities of change.

"But she promised—she promised!" said Cecily, fiercely, under her breath.

While Cecily was changing her dress, Lucy Ellen was getting the tea ready in the little kitchen. Now and then she broke out into singing, but always checked herself guiltily. Cecily heard her, and set her firm mouth a little firmer.

"If a man had jilted me twenty years ago I wouldn't be so overwhelmingly glad to see him when he came back—especially if he had got fat and bald-headed," she added, her face involuntarily twitching into a smile. Cecily, in spite of her

"**A**ND so that was Cromwell Sloane," she said, with studied carelessness. "I thought there was something familiar about him. When did he come home?"

"He got to Avonlea yesterday," Lucy Ellen fluttered back. "He's going to be home for two months. We—we had such an interesting talk this afternoon. He—he's as full of jokes as ever. I wished you had been here."

This was a fib. Cecily knew it. "I don't, then," she said, contemptuously. "You know I never had much use for Cromwell Sloane and his silly speeches. I think he had a face of his own to come down here to see you uninvited, after the way he treated you."

Lucy Ellen blushed scorchingly and was miserably silent.

"How long is it since his wife died?" reflected Cecily. "No more than a year, is it? Well, he doesn't seem to have been crushed by his loss at all. Has he any family?"

"Two—a grown-up son and a married daughter," said Lucy Ellen, trying to look Cecily unconcernedly in the face and failing.

"He's changed terrible in his looks," went on the relentless Cecily. "How bald he's got! And fat! To think of the spruce Cromwell Sloane got to be bald and fat! To be sure, he still has the same old sheepish expression. Will you pass me the currant jelly, Lucy Ellen?"

Lucy Ellen passed the currant jelly. She set it down before Cecily with a rather spiteful thud.

"I don't think he's so very fat," she said, resentfully. "And I don't care if he is," she added, under her breath, when Cecily had left the table.

TWENTY years before this Cromwell Sloane had jilted Lucy Ellen Bell. Lucy Ellen was the prettiest girl in Avonlea, then; but the new school-teacher at White Sands was prettier, with a dash of the piquancy, which Lucy Ellen lacked, into the bargain. Cromwell and the school-teacher had run away and been married. They went out to Manitoba to live, and Lucy Ellen was left to pick up the tattered shreds of her poor romance as best she could.

She never had another lover. She told herself she would always be faithful to the one love of her life. This sounded romantic, and she found a certain comfort in it.

She had been brought up by her uncle and aunt. When they died, she and her cousin, Cecily Bell, found themselves, except for each other, alone in the world.

Cecily loved Lucy Ellen as a sister. But she believed that Lucy Ellen would yet marry, and her heart sank at the prospect of being left without a soul to love and care for.

It was Lucy Ellen who first proposed their mutual promise, but Cecily had caught at it eagerly. The two women, verging on decisive old maidenhood, solemnly promised each other that they would never marry, and would always live together. From that time Cecily's mind had been at ease. In her eyes a promise was a sacred thing.

The next evening, at prayer-meeting, Cromwell Sloane received quite an ovation from old friends

and neighbours. Cromwell had been a favourite in his boyhood. He had now the additional glamour of novelty and reputed wealth.

He was beaming and expansive. He walked up the church aisle as if he fully realized what a distinction he conferred upon the building. He was asked to go into the choir and help with the singing. Lucy Ellen sat beside him and they sang from the same book. Two red spots burned in her thin cheeks, and she had a cluster of lavender chrysanthemums pinned on her jacket. She looked almost girlish, and Cromwell Sloane gazed at her with sidelong admiration, while Cecily fiercely watched them both from her pew. She knew perfectly well that Cromwell Sloane had come home to woo his old love.

"But he shan't get her," Cecily whispered into her hymn book. Somehow, it was a comfort to articulate the words. "She promised."

ON the church steps Cromwell offered his arm to Lucy Ellen with a flourish. She took it coyly, and they started down the road in the crisp autumn moonlight. For the first time in ten years Cecily walked home from prayer-meeting alone. She went upstairs and flung herself on her bed, reckless, for once in her life, of her second best hat and dress.

Lucy Ellen did not venture to ask Cromwell in—she was too much in awe of Cecily for that. But she loitered with him at the gate until the grandfather clock in the hall struck eleven. Then Cromwell went away, whistling gaily, with Lucy Ellen's chrysanthemum in his buttonhole.

Lucy Ellen went in and cried half the night. But Cecily did not cry. She lay savagely awake until morning.

"Cromwell Sloane is courting you again," she said, bluntly, to Lucy Ellen, at the breakfast table.

Lucy Ellen blushed nervously.

"Oh, nonsense, Cecily," she protested, with a simper.

"It is nonsense," said Cecily, sarcastically, "but he is! There is no fool like an old fool, and Cromwell Sloane never had much sense. The presumption of him!"

very forgiving, Lucy Ellen. You've quite forgotten how he treated you once."

"No-o-o, I haven't," faltered Lucy Ellen.

"Anyway," said Cecily, cruelly, merciless because she was sick from fear, "you shouldn't encourage any attentions from him, Lucy Ellen. You know you couldn't marry him, even if he asked you. You promised."

All the fitful colour went out of Lucy Ellen's face. Under Cecily's pitiless eye she wilted and drooped.

"I know," she said, deprecatingly. "I haven't forgotten. You are talking nonsense, Cecily. I like to see Cromwell, because he is such good company, and he likes to see me because I'm almost the only one of his old set that is left. He feels lonesome in Avonlea now."

Lucy Ellen lifted her little, fawn-coloured head more erectly at the last of her protest. She had saved her self-respect.

IN the month that followed, Cromwell Sloane pressed his suit persistently, undeterred by Cecily's antagonism. October drifted into November, and the chill, drear days came. To Cecily the whole outer world seemed the dismal reflex of her own pain-bitten heart. Yet she laughed constantly at herself, too, and her laughter was real, if bitter.

One evening she came home late from a neighbour's. Cromwell Sloane passed her in the hollow, under the bare boughs of the maple that were outlined against the silvery moonlit sky.

When Cecily went into the house, Lucy Ellen came out of the parlour. She was very pale, but her eyes burned in her face and her hands were clasped before her.

"I wish you'd come in here for a few minutes, Cecily," she said, feverishly.

Cecily followed her silently into the room. She stood stiffly and uncompromisingly by the table,

(Continued on page 25.)



"Here's your beau, Lucy Ellen," she said, "and I give you back your promise."

Lucy Ellen's hands trembled as she put her teacup down.

"He's not so very old," she said, faintly, "and everybody but you likes him. I don't see that there's any presumption."

"Maybe not—if you look at it that way. You are

Alphonse Verville, M. P.

Sketches from the House of Commons and the Corridor

By H. W. A.

"I am strongly against this proposed amendment of the rules. . . . Let them (members of the Government) try to apply it to me when I am talking."—Alphonse Verville, M.P., as reported in Hansard, April 16.

"The Labour man is in a peculiar position. Both parties have a wholesome respect for the Labour vote, and the probabilities are that no other man in Parliament stands so little in danger of the operation of the new restriction."—Press report, April 19.

NEARLY fifty years ago now there was born in the modest village of Cote St. Paul, Quebec, the boy who was destined to rise to the position of being thus able to defy the powers of the Parliament of his country. He grew up, as most boys do. Money was not superabundant in the Verville home, so the boy was sent to work. In his early teens he was apprenticed at the plumbing trade. He worked during the day, and studied during the night. He learned his trade and became a master plumber. He absorbed history and economics and set himself to a practical application of their teaching to everyday conditions.

Time went on—and so did Verville. For twenty odd years he worked at his trade, and met with success such as enabled him to set up business for himself in Montreal. But Verville is an example of the heterodox theory that a man can do two things well at the same time. He was not giving all of his time to his trade. He had grasped the idea that life could not be measured in terms of business alone. He took an interest in public affairs. Most of all he took an interest in the affairs of the men about him. He became active in Labour circles. For a time he was business agent for one of the biggest unions in Montreal. His interest in the work and his unusual ability was recognized by other

labour men. For six or seven terms he was President of the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress, and probably would have been president yet if he had not seen fit to retire after the congress was held in his own province.

It was in 1903 that his associates began to realize that Verville would be a good man for Labour to have in politics, and when the Quebec Provincial elections of 1904 came round Verville entered the lists in Hochelaga county. It was Labour's first venture in politics in that province, and when the ballots were counted it was found that Verville was still on the outside looking in. His opponent, now Hon. J. Decarie, was duly elected.

That was only the beginning. Verville hasn't acquired the habit of letting defeat daunt him. In 1906 the death of Hon. Raymond Prefontaine created a federal vacancy in the Maisonneuve division of Montreal. Mr. Grothe ran as the Liberal nominee, and back of him had the full power of the Laurier Government, which hadn't said much about reciprocity at that time and consequently was still somewhat of a power. Verville had back of him the Labour organizations. Grothe didn't get to Parliament. Verville did—and with over 1,000 majority, at that. He came back in 1908 with 4,000, and in 1911 with 3,000. And people who ought to know say he will keep coming back just as long as he wants to.

Verville in Parliament has given an independent support to Liberalism. He believes, rightly or wrongly, that Liberals as low tariff men must accomplish more for Labour than Conservatives as high protectionists. He has strong views on the cost of living, and other intimate economic subjects. Incidentally by instinct and upbringing he is a radical and looks for nothing good coming out of typical Toryism. But he is a Labour representative in the last analysis. If the Liberals tramp on Labour's

toes, Verville is liable to do some tramping himself—and he has a substantial foot.

This man Verville, however, is essentially a peace-loving man. He looks it. His quiet, full, round face, albeit marked by many deep-cut lines, is benign and pleasant. His greyish-white hair fits in with his mild manner. But parliamentarians on both sides have a wholesome respect for Verville. There is always something to and in his short speeches. Despite his mild-mannered, easy-going appearance, he has a splendid courage, and when placidity ceases to be a virtue, there comes stern determination to stand by his conviction no matter what the opposition or the cost.

LABOUR in the Dominion Parliament differs much from Labour in the Ontario House. There is equal earnestness, equal intensity, equal determination to serve with an eye single to the cause espoused. But little Allan Studholme lashes himself into hysterical fury as he pours forth counsel and anathema by the hour. Sturdy Verville speaks by the minute, but there is something doing every sixty seconds. Every sentence is winged toward the bullseye. Studholme, Anglo-Saxon though he be, rhapsodizes with Latin fervor and declaims with illimitable gesture. Verville stands stolid, stationary. Occasionally, in tense moments, he raises his right hand or sweeps the chamber with his arm, and the accent of Mother France steals back into his clear English pronunciation. What a strange, freakish creature Dame Nature is at times! Surely little, vivacious, dynamic Studholme should have been the Gaul, and quiet, plain-spoken Verville the Asquith-like Yorkshireman.

Labour men—and other people, too—have learned a lot of things about this plumber-politician. For one thing, he's honest. He believes in his cause, and makes it manifest not in words alone, but in actions. His head is clear. He is no coiner of elegant phrases. His are simple, forceful words which permit no mistaking of their meaning. His heart is kind—what man succeeds who lacks kindness of heart? His courage stands the acid test when trial comes.

What do the coming years hold for Verville? (Concluded on page 19.)

Is It Permanent Contribution?

A Reply to a Number of Vigorous Critics

By GEORGE CHARLESON

CONSIDERABLE discussion has resulted from the publication of Mr. Charleson's article entitled "The Historical Aspect of the Naval Contribution," which appeared on March 15th. This was an argument against permanent contributions. Some readers jumped to the conclusion that it was an argument against Mr. Borden's policy. Mr. Charleson did not intend it thus, but simply a student's examination of a theoretical situation.

Several letters received were turned over to him and he answers them in the following article. It is impossible to find space for the letters themselves, but we shall be glad to hear further from correspondents.—THE EDITOR.

I AM fortunate in having drawn replies from four enthusiastic centralizers, who unite in one thing at least. They all protest that Mr. Borden should not be accused of favouring a regular system of contributions. Two of them are more concerned with the immediate political aspect of the question, and the possible effects of the present controversy on the political fortunes of Mr. Borden, than they are with the question of the ultimate effects of the policy our parliament now adopts. One of my opponents, Mr. Nicholson, ought to remember that hard names do not advance an argument. I am quite ready to leave it to the readers of the CANADIAN COURIER to decide whether either my arguments or his are "so absolutely foolish." I might add that I am not much concerned with this question as a mere political issue between the two parties, but I am very much concerned about the effects of our present decision on the future relations of Canada with the mother country.

If Mr. Borden has proposed only an emergency contribution, why, then, do I talk about the dangers of a regular system of contribution? Because Mr. Borden's speeches have laid him fairly open to the charge that he contemplates such a system, and because, when charged with it, he has not plainly and unequivocally denied it. True, he has said that the present contribution should not be called "a contribution" at all, since it is only a loan on ships, and that his present policy is not a permanent one. But he has said nothing, even in his speech of April 7, when he was discussing this very point, that is inconsistent with a future policy of contribution towards the building up of one central fleet. Moreover, he has said so much against a Canadian navy that he is restricted to this policy. Mr. Borden believes that the Empire needs more ships, and that Canada should shoulder her share of the naval burdens of the Empire. There are only two ways open to us of rendering effective aid. One is to build a Canadian navy; the other is to make contributions to the British fleet. But Mr. Borden maintains that Canada could not build up an efficient naval organization "within a quarter, or perhaps half, a century" and that a Canadian fleet, when built, would be comparatively useless. Therefore, according to his premises, Canada must, if she is to do her duty, help to build up a central British fleet. It makes very little practical difference whether the contributions are in money or in ships. The result is much the same. We are contributing to a fleet over which, under present circumstances, we can have no real control.

MR. NICHOLSON and Dr. Moore would have us believe that, after years of controversy, and a year and a half of the responsibilities of office, Mr. Borden has no permanent policy. It is no credit to him if he hasn't, and I do not see how a man offering such uncertain leadership could hope to appeal successfully, for any length of time, for the support of the Canadian people. I have a much higher opinion of Mr. Borden than they have. But, even if he were without a policy, other members of his party have one, and I wish to help save him from falling completely under their influence. Mr. W. F. Cockshutt, of Brantford, and others have declared in parliament that the permanent policy of the Government was one of contribution; and yet Mr. Borden has not repudiated their utterances. If, like Mr. White, he would say plainly that he is "entirely against a policy of regular and periodical contributions," and would, as Sir Thos. Shaughnessy suggests, couple his present naval proposals with a declaration of policy in favour of a Canadian fleet to be built and manned by Canada, as soon as she can manage it, all this bitter controversy would end at once. The only reasonable ex-

planation is that he either favours a permanent policy of contribution, or is leaving the way open to adopt such a policy, if the exigencies of party warfare make it advisable to do so; or, thirdly, is trying to force the British Government and people into the immediate acceptance of some scheme of centralized imperial federation. This last plan is evidently in Mr. Nicholson's mind when he says: "Even if the permanent policy should prove to be one of regular contributions, Britain would be the first to see that the money should be expended by an Imperial Council, composed of representatives from the contributing states, and responsible to their respective Governments." My critic, Mr. Nicholson, would, therefore, be quite willing to acquiesce in a permanent policy of regular contributions; and so would Dr. Moore, who says in his letter: "I believe that when the safety of the Empire demands it, regular, or irregular, or any other contributions, will be made, irrespective of precedent for or against it."

ALL my critics object to my deductions from Canadian history of the period 1846-50, and I am very glad they have, for I wish to repeat the very obvious and relevant lessons we may learn from that important period. It is, of course, true that conditions then were in some respects quite different from the conditions of the present time; but then, no two periods in history are exactly alike, and yet we all believe that in periods, unlike in many respects, we may trace the working out of the same great general principles. It is so with 1846-50 and the present. In the first place, the result of giving a preference to Canada which had to be subsequently taken away, was most disastrous. I may assure Mr. Ross that I think the British Government of the day acted quite properly in repealing the Corn Laws. It was their duty to consider the interests of the workmen of England and the starving thousands of Ireland, rather than the welfare of the few thousand millers, merchants and farmers of Canada; and, yet, the results were disastrous for Canada, and were largely instrumental in bringing on the Annexation Movement of 1849. The preference was the means not of binding the colony more closely to the mother country, but of endangering the ties already existing. Many of the friends of Mr. Borden's naval policy are also advocates of mutual preferences between all parts of the Empire. Less than a month ago, in a letter read at the annual meeting of the Tariff Reform League, in London, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain wrote as follows: "The cause of Imperial Unity is making rapid strides. The action of Canada marks a great forward step in the common organization of defence, but it still remains for us to take the next step by common organization of trade, through the establishment of mutual preferences between all parts of the Empire." England could give the kind of preference contemplated by the Chamberlain school only by putting taxes on food, and sacrificing the interests of the English workman. Such an arrangement could not be permanent, and when the preference given to colonial foodstuffs had been repealed, we should have much the same cause for complaint as in 1849.

In the second place the results of restrictions placed on the struggling colony of 1849 may well give us some idea of the probable results of restrictions placed on our autonomy in 1913 or 1930. The restrictions will, of course, not be the same, but the results will be similar. In 1849 it was the Navigation Laws; in 1930, it may be restrictions on our trade, imposed by an Imperial parliament sitting in London. Of course such a parliament would contain a few representatives from Canada, but our delegation, even if working together, would be hopelessly outnumbered by the representatives of Great Britain and the other colonies. An Imperial parliament taxing us at will, and interfering with our local trade and other affairs, would be just as distinct a menace to the integrity of the Britannic confederation as was interference in 1849.

I am very much interested in the criticisms of Mr. Ross, partly because they express the views of a Scot, and partly because he is concerned not about party politics, but about the broader question of British-Canadian relations. For the sake of such British-born Canadians as he, it might be well to point out that the autonomists and the centralists of Canada are equally attached to British connection, equally loyal to the Crown. Their points of

view are different, but they are aiming at the same thing, the strengthening of the bonds which hold the Empire together. The centralist thinks the Empire must be held together by bonds of selfish interest, such as tariff preferences would furnish. He has before him the ideal of a revived Roman Empire, in which all authority was centered in Rome, and he believes that, unless authority is centralized in the present British Empire, it will fall to pieces. The autonomist believes that the name "Empire," as applied to Great Britain and such young nations as Canada, Australia and South Africa, is a very unfortunate misnomer, and that all the centralist arguments drawn from the supposed resemblance between the British Empire and the Roman, the Russian, the German, or any other real empire, ancient or modern, are utterly misleading. The modern British Empire is something new in the world. It is great, it is growing greater; its peoples are loyal, and are becoming more intelligently loyal, because each separate dominion is allowed to manage its own affairs. It is held together not by bonds of selfish interest, but by the more enduring and powerful bonds of sentiment. Only one serious danger threatens this Empire—the schemes of the centralists.

Mr. Ross is very much shocked to learn that any one wishes Canada to choose whether or not to take part in the wars in which Britain engages. It is perfectly certain that Canadians would gladly go to the assistance of the Mother Country in any real emergency, but they claim the right to decide in each case whether it is necessary or desirable to take part in the war. The British Government has acquiesced fully in this claim. At the sub-conference on the naval and military defence of the Empire, held in 1909, it was agreed "That each part of the Empire is willing to make its preparations on such lines, as will enable it, should it so desire, to take its share in the general defence of the Empire." In reporting the result of the sub-conference to the House of Commons, Mr. Asquith said: "The result is a plan for so organizing the forces of the Crown, wherever they are, that while preserving the complete autonomy of each Dominion, should the Dominions desire to assist in the defence of the Empire in a real emergency, their forces could be rapidly combined into one homogeneous whole."

MR. ROSS seems to think that my article was "brimful of what might be called reflections on the past government of Canada by the mother land," and Dr. Moore enumerates a lot of benefits conferred on Canada by Great Britain. Both seem to think I am too Canadian, too selfish in my views of history. The truth is that I recognize just as fully as they do what the mother country has done for this country, but at the same time I am fully convinced I am serving the Empire best, when I consider very carefully the interests of Canada. This great Empire, or confederation, contains peoples of diverse races and languages, and they can be kept contented and loyal only by giving them the very greatest local liberty. The French-speaking people of Canada have become loyal Britishers, because they have been allowed to develop naturally. The same is true of South Africa. The Boers who fought against us a few years ago, have become loyal upholders of British connection, because South Africa is allowed to develop in its own way. Premier Botha, the hope of the moderate party in South Africa, and the one to whom the centralists refer approvingly these days, understands fully that he is serving the Empire best by caring primarily for South Africa. In a recent manifesto, issued in connection with his controversy with General Hertzog, and published in the *Cape Argus* of Feb. 6, he makes this very significant statement: "Not only with me, but I think with all responsible leaders in South Africa, South African interests are the first consideration. With regard to this principle we should all be in agreement."

Moreover, the views I am expressing about history and about the present and future relations of Canada and Great Britain are not more Canadian than British. Plenty of responsible public men, and influential journals in Great Britain, could be quoted against any system of contribution, but the following from the *London Times* of March 25, 1913, which was quoted by several Canadian papers, will suffice:

"No one in this country can tell what permanent policy Mr. Borden has in his mind, but if it is proved to resemble in any way the old and discarded idea of contribution, astonishment both here and throughout the Empire would be great. It is now generally agreed that the system of tribute, for the term is often used, is not only unsound from a constitutional standpoint, but in no way calculated to put the joint resources of the Empire, both moral and material, to their most effective use."

The Craze of the Cubist

Post-Impressionistic Impressions From the Art Shows in New York

By E. WYLY GRIER, R.C.A.

THE first question I was asked on returning from New York the other day was, "What did you think of the exhibition at the Armouries?" In reply I said that it was impossible to answer the question in a single sentence—that I thought all sorts of things about it.

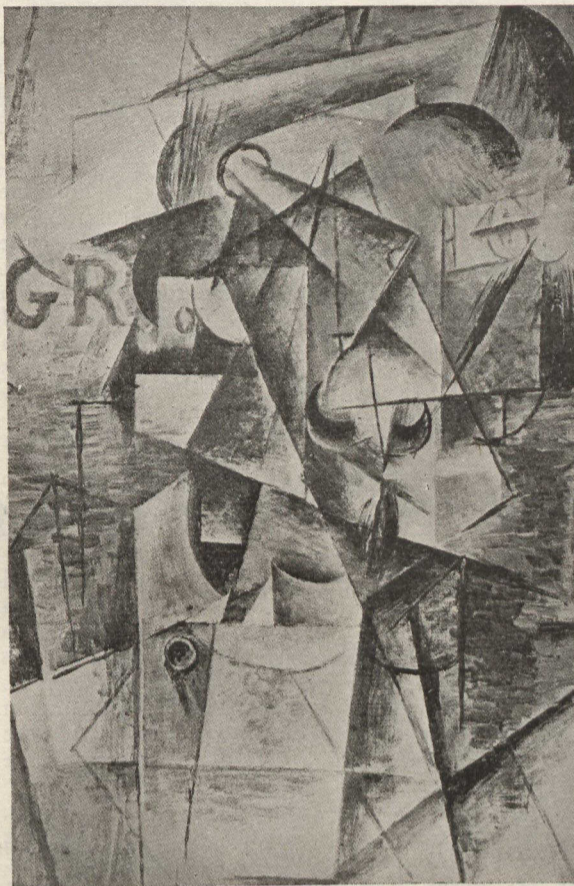
The exhibition was absolutely heterogeneous. It comprised the modern American school, untouched by the Post Impressionist movement; the group of modern Americans whose work is indistinguishable from that of the European Post Impressionists; the Futurists, Cubists and a host of individuals who are slightly "touched." I went to the show in a highly impressionable state of mind. I determined that the solemn literary twaddle with which this movement is bolstered up—and which I had partly read—should not prejudice me against it. The galleries gave me a feeling of profound melancholy. I went from horror to horror; inspected them with the same nauseated but determined conscientiousness with which a medical student studies the pickled specimens of diseased fragments of humanity in a surgical museum. They were intensely sad. They foreshadowed death, the tomb and the ultimate worm. After two hours I could stand the strain no longer and slunk out—as a beaten hound slinks out to lick its wounds in the sunlight.

What was it? I didn't know. But the sunlight still felt good. Lexington Avenue looked like Paradise compared with the bilious Elysian Fields within the show. The men and women were still "in drawing"—nobody had an olive-green face with purple markings. I met a Canadian actor. I said, "that place would soon drive me to drink." He replied, "It has already driven me to three this afternoon." But I went again on three subsequent occasions. The melancholy never wholly left me; but, thanks to the healthy "specimens" I found in this chamber of horrors, I was largely restored to my natural optimism. Taking the healthy work first, one cannot but rejoice that such a robust type of humanity as George Bellows is not at all likely to "get it." His picture of the polo match, with its hint (in the middle distance) of the vigorous action seen in this game; and its extraordinarily subtle characterization of the rather *blase* aristocrats who constitute the onlookers, remains in my mind as a masterful achievement; and a complete refutation of the statement (conveyed in scores of the pictorial monstrosities in the same galleries) that the humanitarian and physiological characteristics of the race may be absolutely disregarded. There was a fine nude, too, by Robert Henri. It was surrounded by a host of things (I can't think of a more fitting substantive) in which the condition of putrefaction was far advanced—they positively stank. But they served this useful purpose, that the sum of them produced, on the nude, the effect—the *eclat*—of a resurrection. It was called "Figure in motion." It positively floated—on the circumambient gases! It was not descending a stairway; it was ascending.

One or two galleries sheltered (I use the word advisedly) the modest, earnest strivings of the legitimate French Impressionists. And from these the next stage of transition was Cezanne. It is Cezanne, primarily, that we have to thank for a lot of the unhallowed stuff the "movement" is doing to-day. I have heard and read many eulogies of Cezanne, but I still maintain my unorthodox attitude regarding him. He was nothing more than a plodding, conscientious old duffer.

HE was, on occasion, successful. His emotions seem to have been dull; and for that reason, were sustained. One notes a lingering affection for the pots and pans he absorbed himself in. "He saw them flat," his admirers say. Emil Carlson saw them round (as you or I would), and the apotheosis of the sauce-pan and the fish-kettle (in the Metropolitan Museum) is the result—ininitely finer than Cezanne. His *naïvete*, however, was real. That is saying a good deal, in these days. Think of the *naïvete* of Augustus John; picture it in Picasso! When an artist is particularly replete with the cockney sophistications of his day and age look out for him! His next pose will be *naïvete*; and his reveries will be Early Italian. While honest Orpen gives the world invaluable documents relating to the people of his own time. John (his *confrere* at the Slade (that hot-bed of idiosyncratic art) evolves intensely artificial pictures strongly reminiscent of Ghirlandaio and Botticelli—and all this from Peckham or the Fulham Road. Turning to the Post Impressionists, and the least sepulchral

of them, Matisse seems to me to be a comparatively cheerful sort of guy (to borrow, from the *gamins*, what strikes me as the only fitting word); and the (alleged) portrait of his wife crystalizes and



Head of a Man. Cubist Picture by Pablo Picasso. The Only Thing in This Picture That the Artist Couldn't Turn Upside Down is the Button.

renders imperishable, within the narrow limits of a single canvas, all that one has learned, believes, or guesses as to the depth and pitch of heroic, silent self-abnegation and suffering of which women are capable—when the offender is a man. It should be purchased, at any cost, by the non-militant section of the suffragists and employed as a banner.

Of the vermitous, or ultimate worm, school of Post Impressionism, I have nothing to say beyond regretting that it escaped Pasteur. But the Cubists have to be carefully circumnavigated. You can't hit them with the first projectile that comes handy. The Cubist is the man who justifies my use of the word "heterogeneous." He has absolutely nothing in common with the creatures who do villainously drawn (naked) nudes sprawling in bilious landscapes; their arms growing out of the middle of their chests; some with two eyes, some with one (preferably in the lower jaw—it is so passionate,

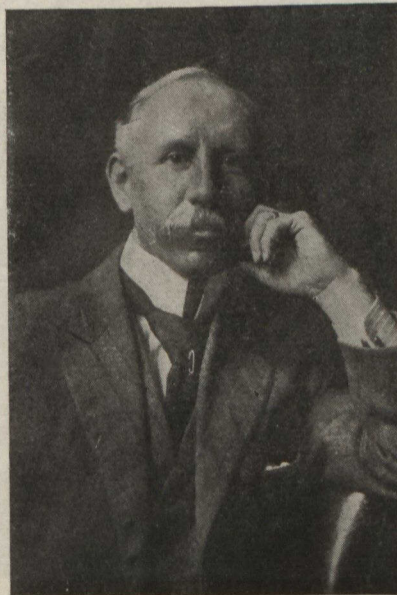
you know), some with none. No! The "nude descending a stairway" is the most chaste the world ever saw—in fact it hasn't seen it! Even the title, "Nu," is the last attenuation of nudity. Technically it has nothing of the primitive about it. It reveals an accomplished wielder of the brush. What it is all about I have no idea. It is perfectly harmonious as to colour. There is very little colour. It is in a grey, drab and brown key. It was always surrounded by a closely-packed throng of spectators, with their lower jaws relaxed and a generally vacuous expression, who look as people do when you ask them, "Why is a mice when it spins?"

Of the primitives, Dr. Robert T. Morris says, in *The Nation*: "The staring presentment of drawing was of the sort done by children and Indians, whose response to impressions finds a primitive sort of expression in crude outline drawings. There was none of the simplicity of great art, but rather the simplicity of arrested development, or of the infantile type of consciousness." Theodore Roosevelt, in *The Outlook*, describes this work as being like that of the ancient cave-dwellers. And one of the best commentaries was made on it in New York, by the twelve-year-old daughter of Turcas, the artist, who executed three perfectly typical "Primitive" pictures which hung in the galleries of the ironical exhibition of "Misapplied Art," an exhibition held in a situation where it did far less harm than the "International" show—in an asylum for the blind.

The New President of the O. S. A.

THE newly-elected President of the Ontario Society of Artists differs very remarkably from a certain black-and-white celebrity who tried to learn painting. Charles Dana Gibson tried to learn the use of the palette, and failed. C. W. Jefferys, one of the most astute pen-and-ink artists in America, whose lines are sometimes as fine as split hairs, as baffling as the aurora and as bold as a bludgeon—does paint. He was primarily intended for a painter; though the bulk of his work thus far has been with the pen, much of it in both Canadian newspapers and magazines. One great essential Mr. Jefferys owes to his pen-and-ink work—good draughtsmanship. No painting of his from the prairies or the backwoods, or the stump fence, ever lacked the one great thing useful in drawing. This is important because so many alleged or would-be good painters seem to regard drawing as a mere accessory detail. Jefferys gets first—the practical black-and-white picture of the thing he intends to portray in colour. On that he builds his paint.

Some may object that this method limits the technic of paint. That is largely a matter for artists to differ about. The common man likes first of all a life-like picture, concerning which there is room for comparatively little difference of opinion. When you come to colour and paint, most of the differences seem to emerge. Mr. Jefferys has his own preferences in colour, though he neglects none. He is especially strong on yellows and greens and blues, such as he gets from the prairies, and browns as he sees them in old pine stumps.



E. WYLY GRIER
Past President of the Ontario Society of Artists.

The newly-elected and the past president of the Ontario Society of Artists have somewhat mutual ideas concerning what is called the new art movement. The views of Mr. E. Wyly Grier are set forth on this page. Those of Mr. C. W. Jefferys are not yet reduced to writing, though they have got past the ejaculatory stage. Neither of these men can be accused of a lack of modernity. Mr. Jefferys has as much belief in local impressionism and legitimate realism as any other living artist. He even believes that a legitimate picture might be in spots post-impressionistic, according to the laws of the human eye. He believes that the work of a master may be realism, impressionism and real post-impressionism all in one picture. But cubism—no, thanks!



C. W. JEFFERYS
Newly-elected President of the Ontario Society of Artists.



Through A Monocle

"EUGENICS"

EUGENICS is a subject which is very properly receiving a great deal of belated attention in these days, which we love to call "advanced." The usual form which our efforts to widen its area take, is to interfere in some fashion with Nature. We are never so sure of ourselves as when we are thwarting that wilful old Dame under whose careless sway the human race has reached its present position. "Curb Nature, and all will be well," is commonly the motto of the Reformer. If the Deity had only consulted us before preparing His plans for creation, and especially for developing its results, how much better things would have been? We are chock-full of useful suggestions as it is, but blind old Dame Nature pays no attention to us. So we have to pass acts of the Legislature to improve the laws of—well, who do you think made the laws of Nature?

I AM going to lose your respect, I am afraid, right at the outset by proposing to help on eugenics by simply getting out of the way and letting the laws of Nature work. The first obstacle I propose to remove from the path of Nature is the restriction we now put upon "natural selection." August Strinberg has a story in which he insists that the upper classes in Europe have almost entirely eliminated "natural selection" as a governing law for the mating of the sexes. He says that they practice "unnatural selection"—that is, they practically compel the young men of their families to choose their wives from a few socially and financially eligible young women, with the result that their young people often pair-off in a fashion which they never would follow, had they a wider choice. And the result is—anaemic children. They counteract this to some extent by the continental custom of "wet-nursing," choosing their "wet-nurses" from a sturdy peasant stock.

WE have nothing so serious in Canada; but we do, to a very considerable extent, interfere with "natural selection." Perhaps, our most effective method of interference is by delaying marriage. More and more, we are discouraging young marriages. Yet youth is the season when marriage is most a matter of free choice. Youth is not oppressed by financial fears for the future. Youth is romantic, and believes, with all its might, in "love in a cottage." Youth has a tremendous and noble scorn for caste and social standing and differing religions and family connections and all that sort of thing when they appear as possible barriers to the course of true Love. As we get older, all these incidentals attain more rigidity and stature. We begin to wonder if we have "tastes in common." When we are young, we are as sure as death that our tastes are identical with the one we love. So far from advancing years increasing the variety of persons from whom we might possibly select a mate—as they increase very greatly our circle of acquaintances—they actually, as a rule, decrease that variety, though they offer a far larger number of very similar individuals. Possible wives and husbands are barred out by the growing prudence and far-vision of years.

I KNOW that most of you will say that this is a good thing. It may be; but it cuts right across the law of "natural selection." If it is good, then Nature—that experienced old law-maker—made a great mistake. I almost feel now that I should not have started to discuss this subject. I never try to discuss these "delicate" subjects in an English publication—and, worse still, in one on this prudish continent—without envying the free and frank liberty of the writers of Europe. I cannot put down in naked type the things I want to say—direct, simple, pure as sincerity always is. I must hint and indicate and paraphrase and take precisely the course most liable to mis-understanding and unclear inference. But perhaps I will be permitted to say that this law of "natural selection" is a real force; and that people of opposite sexes are drawn together by mutual attractions which have nothing to do with social position or a knowledge of philosophy. And every decree of prudence which says—let us imagine—to a man who "looks upon

a woman" and feels the magnetism of this "natural attraction"—"You must not. Her grammar is bad, or she is poor, or she is not of your religion"—is a decree to set aside this law of "natural selection."

[HERE would be less need for artificial eugenics in a later generation if men and women always mated by instinct. To hear our reformers talk, you would think that "degenerates" were always born by the in-breeding of "degenerates." Do they never ask themselves where the first "degenerates" came from? Does anyone really imagine that if the "inefficient" and feeble-minded we now possess are prevented from producing their like, the sad community will die away? Nothing of the sort. Marriages made by prudence and social restriction will continue to produce them. Defy the laws of Nature, and punishment will be visited upon you to the third and fourth generation. Nature has laid down one shining law for marriage—the law

of love. If the human race will obey that law, eugenics will take care of itself. But if the human race is too wise and too prudent to be governed by that law, then we may as well fix up our remedial legislation and make our provisions for the cruel wastage of the only *mesalliances* which Nature recognizes.

OF course, I know perfectly well that the reason why young marriages are so often "impossible," is simply the inability of the young man to support a wife in the style to which she has been accustomed. That is a familiar saying. The trouble is partially economic, and partially mental. The average young man should be making more money than he is when he reaches a marriageable age. The cure for this failure is economic. But there is quite as much to be cured in the minds of our daughters. We commonly succeed in making "snobs" of them at sixteen. They must have, when they marry, everything that any "chum" of their's has had—else they confess to having married an inferior man. Now this very law of "natural selection" forbids them to marry inferiority; and, so long as we measure superiority by ability to buy things, we must expect that the physical and higher mental measures of superiority will be overlooked. But, in the business of eugenics, bank accounts are no more recognized by Nature than last year's autumn leaves.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

St. John and Montreal

LAST week the first captain to pilot his boat from the Atlantic up to Montreal in 1913 was received with noisy welcome, and duly received a presentation from the harbour commissioners. As the Montreal season opens, the busy season at St. John closes. Next November, Montreal will again give way to St. John. The two harbours divide the year between them so far as the big ships are concerned.

During the six months, Nov. 1st to March 31st, 110 ocean vessels cleared from St. John carrying cargoes valued at twenty-two millions of dollars. Of this, grain, flour and meal supplied nine and a half millions; meats and manufactures four million each. The remaining five million was made up of cheese, lard, lumber, apples, hay and miscellaneous material. Some of the peculiarities were: Butter, \$570; horses, one only, \$300; and cattle, \$4,000. Canada is supposed to be a great dairy country, but the winter is not the butter season. Even the bad cold-storage men who are supposed to boost Canadian prices by sending food out of the country, even they had no butter to sell. And this is also supposed to be a great cattle country, yet our total exports of cattle in six months

were but \$4,000. Of course, the shipments of meats amounted to about four million dollars, but probably most of this came from Chicago.

These are the figures for St. John only. They must not be taken as representing the whole of Canada's outward trade for the period. There are also Halifax and Portland, but of these three St. John is the greatest. The Canadian Pacific Railway has willed it thus, and when the C. P. R. speaks, even powerful governments listen.

On or about April 24th, the scenes shifted to Montreal! The first boat came up the St. Lawrence, the first boat came down the St. Lawrence. Lake and ocean met once more. Navigation was officially declared open in Fort William on April 17th, but only one vessel left. Some twenty boats steamed out on the 18th. The Fort William "hat" for the first boat in was won by the "W. D. Matthews," from Port Colborne. With Fort William and Port Arthur open, followed by the clearing of ice from the Sault, the shippers at Montreal get ready for hard work. The winter-locked lake fleet pours its cargoes quickly and steadily into Montreal, once the Sault Canal is in working order.

Exit St. John; enter Montreal.



THE STRIKE OF A NATION FOR THE FRANCHISE.

Civil Guard at the Antwerp Docks During the Recent Effective and Wholesale Strike of Belgian Labour for the Sake of Manhood Suffrage.

A Military Camp, a Surprised Premier and a Remarkable Office

Adrianople

THE final assault of the Bulgarians and Servians on Adrianople took place on March 24th and 25th. On Wednesday, 26th, Shukri Pasha, who defended the town for 153 days against terrific odds, handed his sword to General Savoff. The Bulgarian and Servian cavalry were the first to enter the town and immediately were detailed on police duty. The accompanying photograph is one of the first taken after the occupation.

Adrianople is more than 1,800 years old. It was then under the rule of the Romans who rebuilt it and changed the name from Uskudama to Hadrianopolis. In 1205 Baldwin, the Latin Emperor of Constantinople, was defeated and made prisoner by the Bulgarian Tsar and put to death at this place. In 1361 the city was besieged and captured by Murad I. Up to 1453, when Constantinople fell to the Turks, it was the Sultan capital. In the sixteenth century, the great mosque of Sultan Selim II. was built. In the nineteenth century it was twice captured by the Russians, 1829 and 1878.

A Premier and a Motor

PRESENTING automobiles to Premiers is a very pretty custom. Not long ago Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who has never been a wealthy man, was given a handsome car by his Liberal friends in Ottawa. A few days ago Sir James Whitney was presented with a car by the Conservatives in the Ontario Legislature. This has more than ordinary significance. It means the undoing of Sir James, who for many years has preserved a great distinction as the only Premier in Canada addicted to the bicycle. The arrival of the Ontario Premier at the Legislature, careering on his familiar bicycle over the lawn—if he felt like it—in spite of the warning, "Keep off the Grass," used to be an event of great dignity in plain democracy. Or when Sir James rode up University Ave. in a slow open carriage with a heavy scowl, he still looked like the Tory squire who had no desire to cut a swath among the ultra-moderns. The bicycle and the family carriage were modern enough for him. Now he has succumbed to the generosity of his friends. His days of plain, original autocracy are over. Henceforth Sir James must apply to the Provincial Secretary's department for a license and a number. He must see that his head-lights and his red lamp at the rear are kept burning. If his chauffeur exceeds the speed limit, Sir James must pay a fine like a common voter. He must respect his chauffeur as much as any millionaire does. He must blow his horn at every crossing and stop his car at every standing trolley. He must be content to let those that have several cars in their garages take precedence over him in the hierarchy of automobilists. He must read motor magazines and know the mileage cost of gasoline; the virtue of non-skid tires, and certain makes of magnetos. Worse than all, Sir James may some day find a hill that his car can't possibly take on the high gear. Or he may be stalled on a country road and recite to himself the words of a certain very dictatorial monarch,

"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

In fact the sublime autocracy of Sir James Pliny Whitney is beginning to be over. From henceforth he is a motorist.

The Call of the Open

ALGONQUIN Park is the finest preserve of big game and beautiful scenery within easy reach of the middle-Canada tourist. It is the place where the lover of nature, the amateur photographer, the artist, the snowshoer and the canoeist find more joy than the hunter who travels with a rifle. It is as famous for winter-resorting as for summer-camping. With the growth of cities and the increase of high tension among business men, a place that combines so many of the features of wild life with modern conveniences becomes more and more an asset to civilization. Nature has her own way of preserving life if let alone. It is a fortunate thing that in all our great public preserves the real charm and grandeur of wild life is conserved much as it was in the days of the primeval hunter. Only governments are able to preserve these great tracts of wild-life land within the reach of the traveling public. And it is a good sign of the times that our already hyper-civilized city dwellers victimized by the eternal rush and the nervous hysteria of town life, get away as often as possible to the places where "the red gods call."

Music in the West

THE sixth Alberta Music Festival is being held this month, to be followed by a similar festival in Saskatchewan. These music fests are annual events in the Prairie Provinces. The Alberta festival dates back to 1908 when a number of Edmonton musicians, Vernon Barford, Howard Stutchbury and Jackson Hanby organized a competitive festival, held on May 5, 1908. The second, in 1909, occupied two days. The 1910 festival took three days. Since that time the length of the event has been somewhat shortened, but with better management much more good music has been included. The 1913 festival will give Saskatchewan a good lively run for first place in excellence.



TURKEY SAID IT NEVER SHOULD HAPPEN—BUT IT DID.

The First Photograph to Reach London of the Victorious Bulgarian Army Entering Adrianople, the Great Turkish Stronghold.



NOW HE NEVER EXPECTED IT AND WON'T PROMISE TO GO BACK ON THE OLD BICYCLE EITHER.

Conservative Members of the Ontario Legislature Presented Sir James Whitney With a \$10,000 Touring Car. The Premier, Who Has Been a Long Devotee of the Bicycle, is Here Seen Admiring His New Car.



One of the Most Remarkable Offices in the World is That of Mr. G. W. Bartlett, Superintendent of the Algonquin National Park. This Office Would be Considered by Many Civic Authorities a Very Good Museum.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Merry-Go-Round

FEDERAL politics have some of the characteristics of a merry-go-round. There is constant motion. There is a merry recklessness. The riders are simply travelling, not going anywhere. The place occupied by one is shortly occupied by another. The whole performance swings around a pole which is the desire to be in office.

Two or three letters from subscribers make the charge that the CANADIAN COURIER has become a Liberal organ, presumably because we still support a Canadian navy. Yet Mr. Borden's friends say he is not opposed to a Canadian navy, and that when his permanent policy comes down it will be found to have Canadian features. Further, Mr. Borden made a speech in the House a fortnight ago which, if it had any special purpose, was to assure the public that he was opposed to a permanent contribution policy. If he is opposed to contribution, then he must be in favour of a Canadian navy and hence in agreement with the CANADIAN COURIER.

Other subscribers think we should be classed as Liberal because we deprecated the "closure." Yet when we upheld the right of the Conservatives to block the reciprocity measure in 1911, they did not make any such charge.

The truth is that the CANADIAN COURIER has not joined in the merry-go-round. We opposed closure in 1911, and we hold the same position in 1913. We have always supported a Canadian navy and will continue to do so even when Mr. Borden decides to create one. If politicians change their views every two years because of party exigencies, there is no reason why a national weekly should do so. If it did, it would be unworthy of its professions and its aims.

The Liberal newspapers favoured closure in 1911 and opposed it in 1913. But the CANADIAN COURIER was under no political necessity to perform any such somersault. The Conservative leaders favoured a Canadian navy in 1909 and 1910 and now they are doubtful. But there was no political reason why the CANADIAN COURIER should accumulate doubts.

Our friends who write us to accuse us of being partisan may as well save their postage stamps. We do not pretend to possess any special political wisdom, but we do claim to be consistent. The editors of political newspapers may somersault all they please. That is their privilege. The CANADIAN COURIER serves no political party.

For a National Coinage

MR. D. R. WILKIE, president of the Imperial Bank, struck a true note when he declared for a national gold coinage. Before the Banking Committee at Ottawa, he advocated taking the millions of United States "eagles" now held by the Canadian banks and re-minting them into Canadian "beavers." Further, he would like to see all the gold produced in Canada coined here.

Bravo! This is the kind of spirit which makes a nation. Let us do our own work, whether it is the minting of gold, or the building of ships. Only by learning to do it and by doing it, can Canadians become a great people.

Canada is a gold-producing country, and that gold should go out as coin, not as bullion. These coins should become so well known in New York and London that there will be no discount on them. Then every Canadian going abroad would not be obliged to provide himself with United States bank notes or British sovereigns before he starts.

In his bold and clear declaration, Mr. Wilkie has struck a strong national note.

Limitation or Closure

WHAT is commonly known as "closure" has passed the House of Commons by a majority of thirty-five. The Premier says that this amendment to the rules of the House will limit debate, not prevent it. Much will depend upon how it is used. Rule 17 was among the rules for twenty-five or thirty years without being used, but it was found handy in getting "closure" through the House. Some day "closure" may be used as seldom, and then again it may be invoked regularly and steadily. If it should be an instrument of tyranny it will grow in unpopularity; if it is merely an instrument of last resort, it will not do much damage. Much

will depend upon the temper of the men who use it and upon the character of the Speaker who is asked to enforce it. Indeed, the new power put into the Speaker's hands will probably add to the dignity and responsibilities of that high-placed officer. If he is content to be a mere echo of the predominant party which selects him for this position, then "closure" will soon grow obnoxious.

That the Right Hon. Mr. Borden will use "closure" with a sparing hand and only after its necessity is clearly shown, will be the hope of those who wish him well. In the British House "closure" has never been used autocratically and Mr. Borden has considerable respect for British precedents.

The Real Test

PERHAPS the real test of the merits of "closure" will not be made until the Liberals return to power. Then it may be used with deadly effect against the party which introduced it. The mere fact that they are responsible for the innovation may lead the Conservatives to exercise it moderately. When the Liberals come to use it, they will be influenced by no such compunctions. Indeed, unless politicians greatly improve during the next decade, the Liberals will probably take a huge delight in turning the weapon upon those who forged it.

There will, however, be a certain test of "closure" immediately. The fear of it may limit debate by scaring men who delight in embarrassing a government. The latent power of the rules may be as effective as an active application of that power. If so, the business of parliament may proceed with greater despatch in this and future sessions.

Japan and America

HOW to avoid injuring Japanese dignity and yet to prevent Japan from getting a foothold on this continent is one of the great American problems. Canada is vitally interested. It has been said that when Great Britain is at war, Canada is at war. It may also be said with equal truth that when the United States is invaded by an Asiatic power Canada is invaded.

"Personally, I fear that America's next fight will be against Japanese soldiers. The late Homer Lea, in his 'Valour of Ignorance,' showed fairly conclusively that there is grave danger of a war between Japan and the United States. In such a war, Canada could not remain neutral. Indeed, there are Canadians who are willing now to make a treaty with the United States as to naval and military defence in case such a war should occur.

"It will be urged at once that we are bound by the British-Japanese alliance. That treaty expires in 1915, and we have no guarantee that it will be renewed. Moreover, our treaty of joint-defence, with the United States, could be made subject to our duties and obligations under existing treaties between Japan and Britain.

"May the CANADIAN COURIER respectfully suggest to Right Hon. Mr. Borden that this question should be taken up with the British Government at an early date and that permission be requested to confer direct with Washington as to what joint arrangements are advisable should an Asiatic power make a descent on the west coast of America? Great Britain has no adequate naval force of her own on the Pacific and no military force. It is therefore a matter of necessity that Canada should arrange with the United States for a Pacific Coast defence policy.

Canada and the Pacific

CANADA'S vital point is her Pacific Coast. Take British Columbia out of the red section of the North American map and Canada is cut off from the Pacific Ocean. Her dream of being a great continental power with a navy on either ocean, and of being the great transportation avenue between the Orient and the Occident, would be over. Yet British Columbia is guarded by a training ship!

"If we are not willing to join Australia and New Zealand in the defence of the Pacific, then let us make an arrangement with the United States. When the Panama Canal is opened, the United States will be the strongest guardian of the Pacific

Coast of North America. It might not be advisable to go so far as to contribute a yearly sum towards the upkeep of the United States vessels along the Coast; it would probably be better (if the Nationalists will allow us) to place two or three warships at Esquimalt and do our own share of the work. But whatever we do about the navy, we should co-operate in coast and harbour defence. There should be adequate provision of this kind undertaken at an early date. The year 1915 is not far away."

Sir James Whitney

MOST people who are not too much afflicted with party bias will regret the situation which has arisen in Ontario. Mr. Proudfoot, a Liberal member of the Legislature, has charged Sir James Whitney and Hon. Mr. Hanna with improper conduct in connection with certain transactions. Mr. Hanna is said to have accepted a contribution of \$500 for campaign purposes from a man who had a claim against the government of the province, and Sir James is said to have had subsequent knowledge of the transaction. The matter is to be threshed out before the committee on Privileges and Elections, which has not met for twenty-eight years. In the meantime the House has adjourned until the sixth of May.

Sir James Whitney has a most enviable record for sturdy honesty, and, whatever the finding may be, no one will believe for a moment that he intentionally did anything which might be considered improper. A blustering czar he may be, as his political enemies and even some of his supporters allege, but insincere or dishonest he could not be. Mistakes in judgment he has made, and this may or may not be one of them; but never a mistake in intention.

The episode, however, again points to the necessity for reform in our method of handling campaign subscriptions. These should never be collected except by a committee of the party of which no minister of the crown is a member. Further, such subscription lists should be open at all times to public inspection when the public interest demands it. These are the practices in Great Britain, where every member of the ministry is expected to keep himself as immaculate almost as a judge on the bench. There the collectors and managers of campaign funds are well known, and this very openness makes for public security and prevents unjust suspicions.

Universal Military Training

AUSTRALIA has found that universal military training must rest on a favourable public opinion rather than on compulsion. The Australian laws provide for compulsion, but these clauses are seldom invoked. The government hesitates to compel any young man to be a cadet or militiaman. The majority accept the duty which the law places upon them, and the skulkers are allowed to go free.

Theoretically every man in Canada should have had a military training, since every citizen may be called upon to serve in time of war. Practically only ten per cent. of the men of the country have prepared themselves for the emergency. The yearly training list contains about 50,000 names in the militia and perhaps half that number in the cadet corps. That ten per cent. will probably rise to twenty per cent. if the Hon. Sam Hughes remains Minister of Militia and Defence for a few years. But even twenty per cent. is too low. It should be fifty per cent., considering the lightness of the service.

The employers of Canada are the class upon whom this burden rests. They should encourage their younger employees to serve twelve days a year for three years in a militia battalion. Their employees would be the better of it, and the country's best interests would be served. Unfortunately Canada's leading employers have shown considerable narrowness in this matter. Did any one ever hear of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy or Sir William Mackenzie, or Sir Edward Walker or any of the large employers whom the Sovereign has honoured, encouraging the militia? Some of them have, in recent years, helped the boy scouts and noticed the cadets. These activities do not interfere with business. But when it comes to the militia, the employer finds he has to make a real sacrifice—and he usually ignores it.

This is not right. It is not fair to the young man who is anxious to do what is right by his country, nor is it fair to the country. Surely, our employers can be brought to see their duty in this matter more clearly. If so, universal training will be in sight without the compulsory clauses which Australia has found so difficult.

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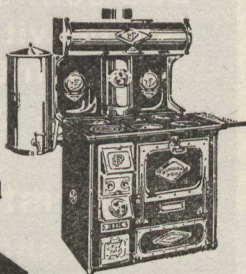
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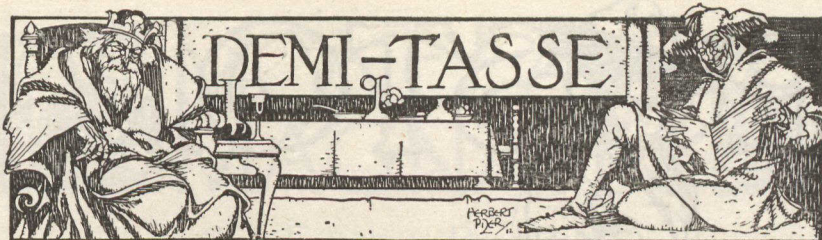
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Courierettes.

If you have a reason don't worry looking for an excuse.

Government bonds worth \$10,000 were found in a Michigan clock, bought for \$1. Seems that there's something in the old saying about time being money.

A Toronto man inhaled a gold tooth and it lodged in his lung while in the dentist's chair. Some men are so greedy for gold that they have no scruples as to how they get it.

Politicians at Ottawa have been calling one another names. Getting better acquainted, perhaps.

R. R. Gamey, M.P.P., would tax the millionaires more heavily. Surely there is no election nearing in Manitoulin?

If Turkey had won that war, can you figure what the women of America would now be wearing instead of Bulgarian bonnets and blouses?

Toronto man objected because a 4 1/2 inch lizard came through his tap. He should look at the matter philosophically and realize that he got something for nothing. Also he should give praise that he didn't drink in the dark.

"Best man in Canada—I know, because I trained him," is Dr. J. L. Hughes' tribute to his successor, Chief Inspector Cowley. Nothing more to be said.

In England they have invented a non-inflammable envelope to foil the suffragettes. The new envelope should be great for ardent love letters too.

Boston "Globe" asks—"How long would you like to live?" That depends on the locality, somewhat.

London policeman stole 5,000 cigars in Detroit. To make the punishment fit the crime he should be forced to smoke them—if they be "campaign" cigars.

President Falconer, of Toronto University, remarks that children should be treated as children—not as little men and women. Seems sensible but terribly old-fashioned.

Denver demands that her police force abstain from drink. Denver seems keen for the millennium.

Here's a Tip.—If you are ill, and go to consult a doctor wear a shabby suit of clothes. You will save both time and money.

Sized Up.

HE boasts that he's a self-made man—The consequent deduction We fairly draw is that he's just An amateur production.

Wilson—That's All.—President Wilson has shocked some sticklers for form by disregarding precedents that have stood for a century. Looks as if he means to be a regular President.

Pardon This One!—The appointment of Walter Page as American ambassador to London is, so to speak, turning over a new leaf, isn't it?

Time Will Tell.—Dr. Friedmann claims to be a germ-killer, but it is clear that he has yet to show himself a doubt dispeller.

A Trifle Out.—"Ladies and gentlemen," said the orator, "it is deeds, not words, that count."

"Quite wrong," said the telegraph operator who was just calculating the total words in the speech.

Henry Miller's Apt Answer.—Henry Miller, the noted Canadian actor-manager, who recently played "The Rainbow" in Canadian cities, is rather keen in repartee, and a number of his friends had evidence of it recently during a dis-

cussion with the actor on the question of woman suffrage.

"Do you think the vote would make women masculine?" inquired one man in the party.

"No," I don't think it would," replied Mr. Miller. "In fact, we might say that it has failed to do that for some men."

Haven't You Noticed It?—It used to be said that "variety is the spice of life," but some play producers are trying hard to substitute "vulgarity" for "variety."

Something To Talk About.—Now watch the United States sit up and preen its feathers. Britain has sent to Washington an ambassador with a hyphenated name.

Just a Suggestion.—There is still hope for the nation. A motor league has had sufficient respect for grammar to change a "Go Slow" sign to "Go Slowly." Why not put it in Bostonese—"Proceed slowly"?

Quite Unnecessary.—Down south, a magistrate has ruled that a husband must obey his wife. Merely a confirmation of an unwritten law.

A Mean Thrust.—He—"Do you believe that ignorance is bliss?"

She—"You seem happy. Why do you ask?"

Isn't This a Big Bore?—The C. P. R. is to drill a 16 mile tunnel through the Canadian Rockies.

Now watch the funny paragraphers get busy.

We hurry to suggest a few quips before all the joke material is cornered.

Somebody will say it is a rather heavy "under" taking.

Another may lay stress on the great popularity of the long tunnel for honeymooning couples.

And, after all, the average man will be likely to consider the whole thing a great "bore."

Take your choice.

Satire In Verse.—A party of Canadian literary people were discussing poets and poetry the other day when the conversation turned to Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose "Poems of Passion" are admitted to reach close to the limit in the expression of ardent affection. The big laugh of the occasion was evoked by one of the party, who to satirize the florid and fervent Wilcox style, got off this stanza:

"Oh, walk upon my heart, dear love,
The pain were rapture sweet—
My heart is all afire, dear love,
And you have icy feet."

A Story of Disraeli.—The art of George Arliss, in his great character sketch of Benjamin Disraeli, created a great deal of discussion in the Canadian cities recently visited by the actor, and many were the anecdotes of "Dizzy" retold by the old-timers who remembered him as Britain's Prime Minister.

Few are aware, however, that Mr. William Banks, Sr., who recently left the staff of the Toronto "Globe" to become Toronto's play censor, is probably the only living newspaper man in Canada who interviewed Disraeli.

"He taught me, in a single sentence, one of the greatest lessons a young journalist can learn," relates Mr. Banks. "The lesson that there are two sides to every story."

"I was a fresh faced youngster when, with several other newspaper men, I was privileged to interview him. I noted that he was reading the London 'News,' a radical paper, and it rather surprised me. I even remarked to him that it seemed strange to see him with a radical paper in his hand. He smiled, and said: 'Well, you see, I know very well what my own people are saying about me, and I want to know what the other fellows are saying.'"

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BY
HAROLD
BINDLOSS

CHAPTER XIII.

A Fair Advocate.

THANKS to the fashion in which the hotel-keeper managed the affair, the gambler left the settlement without personal injury, but very little richer than when he entered it. The rest of those who were present at his meeting with Witham were also not desirous that their friends should know they had been victimized, and because Dane was discreet, news of what had happened might never have reached Silverdale, had not one of the younger men ridden in to the railroad a few days later. Odd scraps of conversation overheard led him to suspect that something unusual had taken place, but as nobody seemed willing to supply details, he returned to Silverdale with his curiosity unsatisfied. As it happened he was shortly afterwards present at a gathering of his neighbours at Macdonald's farm and came across Ferris there.

"I heard fragments of a curious story at the settlement," he said. "There was trouble of some kind in which a professional gambler figured last Saturday night, and though nobody seemed to want to talk about it, I surmised that somebody from Silverdale was concerned in it."

He had perhaps spoken a trifle more loudly than he had intended, and there were a good many of the Silverdale farmers with a few of their wives and daughters whose attention was not wholly confined to the efforts of Mrs. Macdonald at the piano in the long room just then. In any case a voice broke through the silence that followed the final chords.

"Ferris could tell us if he liked. He was there that night."

Ferris, who had cause for doing so, looked uncomfortable, and endeavoured to sign to the first speaker that it was not desirable to pursue the topic.

"I have been in tolerably often of late. Had things to attend to," he said.

The other man was, however, possessed by a mischievous spirit, or did not understand him. "You may just as well tell us now as later, because you never kept a secret in your life," he said.

In the meantime, several of the others had gathered about them, and Mrs. Macdonald, who had joined the group, smiled as she said, "There is evidently something interesting going on. Mayn't I know, Gordon?"

"Of course," said the man, who had visited the settlement. "You shall know as much as I do, though that is little, and if it excites your curiosity you can ask Ferris for the rest. He is only anxious to enhance the value of his story by being mysterious. Well, there was a more or less dramatic happening, of the kind our friends in the old country unwarrantably fancy is typical of the West, in the saloon at the settlement not long ago. Cards, pistols, a professional gambler, and the unmasking of foul play, don't you know. Somebody from Silverdale played the leading role.

"How interesting!" said a young English girl. "Now, I used to fancy something of that kind happened here every day before I came out to the prairie. Please tell us, Mr. Ferris! One would like to find there was just a trace of reality in our picturesque fancies of debonair desperadoes and big-hatted cavaliers."

There was a curious expression in Ferris' face, but as he glanced round at the rest, who were regarding him expectantly, he did not observe that Maud

Barrington and her aunt had just come in and stood close behind him.

"Can't you see there's no getting out of it, Ferris?" said somebody.

"Well," said the lad in desperation, "I can only admit that Gordon is right. There was foul play and a pistol drawn, but I'm sorry that I can't add anything further. In fact, it wouldn't be quite fair of me."

"But the man from Silverdale?" asked Mrs. Macdonald.

"I'm afraid," said Ferris, with the air of one shielding a friend, "I can't tell you anything about him."

"I know Mr. Courthorne drove in that night," said the young English girl, who was not endowed with very much discretion.

"Courthorne!" said one of the bystanders, and there was a momentary silence that was very expressive. "Was he concerned in what took place, Ferris?"

"Yes," said the lad with apparent reluctance. "Mrs. Macdonald, you will remember that they dragged it out of me, but I will tell you nothing more whatever."

"It seems to me you have told us quite sufficient and perhaps a trifle too much," said somebody.

There was a curious silence. All of those present were more or less acquainted with Courthorne's past history, and the suggestion of foul play coupled with the mention of a professional gambler had been significant. Ferris, while committing himself in no way, had certainly said sufficient. Then there was a sudden turning of heads as a young woman moved quietly into the midst of the group. She was ominously calm, but she stood very straight, and there was a little hard glitter in her eyes, which reminded one or two of them who noticed it of those of Colonel Barrington. The fingers of one hand were also closed at her side.

"I overheard you telling a story, Ferris, but you have a bad memory and left rather too much out," she said.

"They compelled me to tell them what I did, Miss Barrington," said the lad, who winced beneath her gaze. "Now, there is really nothing to be gained by going any further into the affair. Shall I play something for you, Mrs. Macdonald?"

He turned as he spoke, and would have edged away but that one of the men, at a glance from the girl, laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't be in a hurry, Ferris. I fancy Miss Barrington has something more to tell you," he said dryly.

The girl thanked him with a gesture. "I want you to supply the most important part," she said, and the lad, saying nothing, changed colour under the glance she cast upon him. "You do not seem willing. Then perhaps I had better do it for you. There were two men from Silverdale directly concerned in the affair, and one of them at no slight risk to himself did a very generous thing. That one was Mr. Courthorne. Did you see him lay a single stake upon a card, or do anything that led you to suppose he was there for the purpose of gambling that evening?"

"No," said the lad, seeing she knew the truth, and his hoarse voice was scarcely audible.

"Then," said Maud Barrington, "I want you to tell us what you did see him do."

Ferris said nothing, and though the girl laughed a little as she glanced at the wondering group, her voice was icily disdainful.

"Well," she said, "I will tell you. You saw him question a professional gambler's play to save a man who had no claim on him from ruin, and, with only one comrade to back him, drive the swindler, who had a pistol, from the field. He had, you admit, no interest of any kind in the game?"

Ferris had grown crimson again, and the veins on his forehead showed swollen high. "No," he said, almost abjectly.

Maud Barrington turned from him to her hostess as she answered, "That will suffice, in the meanwhile, until I can decide whether it is desirable to make known the rest of the tale. I brought the new song Evelyn wanted, Mrs. Macdonald, and I will play it for her if she would care to try it."

She moved away with the elder lady, and left the rest astonished to wonder what had become of Ferris, who was seen no more that evening, while presently Witham came in.

His face was a trifle weary, for he had toiled since the sun rose above the rim of the prairie, and when the arduous day was over, and those who worked for him were glad to rest their aching limbs, had driven two leagues to Macdonald's. Why he had done so he was not willing to admit, but he glanced round the long room anxiously as he came in, and his eyes brightened as they rested on Maud Barrington. They were, however, observant eyes, and he noticed that there was a trifle more colour than usual in the girl's pale-tinted face, and signs of suppressed curiosity about some of the rest. When he had greeted his hostess, he turned to one of the men.

"It seems to me you are either trying not to see something, Gordon, or to forget it as soon as you can," he said.

Gordon laughed a little. "You are not often mistaken, Courthorne? That is precisely what we are doing. I presume you haven't heard what occurred here an hour ago?"

"No!" said Witham. "I'm not very curious if it does not concern me."

Gordon looked at him steadily. "I fancy it does. You see, that young fool Ferris was suggesting that you had been mixed up in something not very creditable at the settlement lately. As it happened, Maud Barrington overheard him and made him retract before the company. She did it effectively, and if it had been any one else, the scene would have been almost theatrical. Still, you know nothing seems out of place when it comes from the Colonel's niece. Nor if you had heard her would you have wanted a better advocate."

For a moment the bronze deepened in Witham's forehead, and there was a gleam in his eyes, but though it passed as rapidly as it came, Gordon had seen it, and smiled when the farmer moved away.

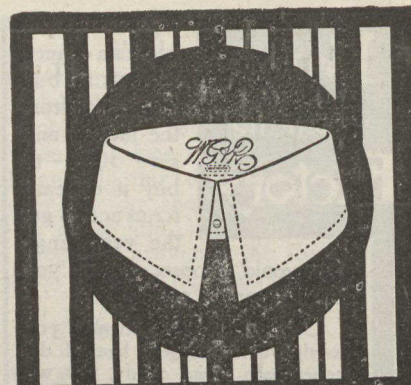
"That's a probability I never counted on," he thought. "Still, I fancy if it came about, it would suit everybody but the Colonel."

Then he turned as Mrs. Macdonald came up to him. "What are you doing here alone when I see there is nobody talking to the girl from Winnipeg?" she said.

The man laughed a little. "I was wondering whether it is a good sign, or otherwise, when a young woman is, so far as she can decently be, uncivil to a man who desires her good-will."

Mrs. Macdonald glanced at him sharply, and then shook her head. "The question is too deep for you—and it is not your affair. Besides, haven't you seen that indiscreet freedom of speech

(Continued on page 25.)



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A new stylish
and comfortable
shape with long
points

2 for 25c.

"Bristol"
same shape in
Castle Brand
3 for 50c.



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Its record, experience and strength constitute it an unusually safe Depository for Savings, and its Debentures have long held a very high place in the estimation of those conservative, cautious investors, both in Great Britain and Canada, who prefer absolute safety to a high rate of interest. In Canada they are a LEGAL INVESTMENT FOR TRUST FUNDS, and are accepted by the Canadian Government as the Deposit required to be made by Insurance Companies, etc.

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Reserve - - - 750,000

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The Merchants Bank

of Canada

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Vice-President, K. W. Blackwell.
General Manager, E. F. Hebden.
Paid-up Capital \$6,747,680
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 6,559,478

194 BRANCHES IN CANADA.
General Banking Business Transacted.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches. Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received, and interest allowed at best current rates.

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REGULAR SERVICE by the 'Laurentic' and 'Meganitic,' largest liners from Canadian ports carrying passengers in all classes.

MODERATE RATE SERVICE by the 'Teutonic' and 'Canada' carrying One Class Cabin (II) and Third Class only. The best cabin accommodation on the ship at low rates.

The 'Laurentic' and 'Meganitic' are the only Canadian liners carrying Orchestras.

Sailings every Tuesday
Ask the nearest Agent for Particulars.

WHITE STAR DOMINION LINE

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Stop Exporting Raw Products

FOR half a century Canada has been endeavouring to encourage both the export of raw products and the manufacture of raw products. As Canada is a great importer of capital and of construction material, it was necessary to encourage the export of lumber, pulpwood, minerals, wheat and cattle in order to help pay our foreign debts. Side by side with this, however, was a movement to encourage the manufacture of raw products into goods which were largely in local demand. This also tended to keep down our foreign indebtedness by limiting our imports.

At first, the exporting of raw products was comparatively large, but in recent years there has been a decline—not an actual decline, but merely proportionately to our total trade. On the other hand, the working up of raw products into manufactured goods was slow at first, but grew and grew until to-day Canada is manufacturing more comparatively and much more absolutely. The business of transforming raw products into finished products is now much more important than the business of exporting raw products.

There are two lines of manufacture which are not progressing as fast as the conditions warrant. The business of making paper out of pulp logs has grown, but it should have grown much faster. An export duty on pulp logs would quickly double the business of paper-making. The second industry which has been neglected is the making of steel plates and structural steel. A recent despatch from New Glasgow says that during the past ten years Canada has sold over three million tons of iron ore to the United States and Europe, there to be manufactured into steel plates and other steel products. This despatch further states that the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company has contracted to deliver a large quantity of this ore to the Krupp armament works at Essen, Germany. Canada is also sending the world its supply of nickel for nickel-plate armour. Why should not this iron ore and this nickel be manufactured here?

If the Dominion Parliament would stop wasting its time on party politics and attend strictly to the promoting of the business interests of the country, the transforming of raw products into manufactured goods would be proceeding faster than it is now doing. True, it has done much to encourage the steel industry, but much remains to be done. This iron ore, this nickel and these pulp logs should be manufactured here, not in the United States and Germany. Canada needs a paper-making policy and a ship-building policy. A great nation cannot be built up on the export of raw materials. Our debts abroad can be more quickly paid with manufactured goods than with raw products of the farm, the mine and the forest.

The March Bank Statement

AS pointed out last week, the March statement of the chartered banks of Canada was exceedingly favourable. After the big decline in note circulation in January, followed by a slight gain increase in February, the statement for March has had a decidedly reassuring effect in financial circles. It reflects the spring revival in trade activity. The banks were able to increase their loans to Canadian borrowers and also to increase the reserve which is kept in the form of call loans outside of Canada, by a sum of about fourteen millions. The total increase in respect of these two items amounted to about twenty-three million dollars. The sources from which this large increase is derived are as follows:

Increase in note circulation	\$5,000,000
Increase in deposits of Dominion and Provincial Governments	5,000,000
Increase in demand (Canadian) deposits	8,000,000
Increase in deposits outside Canada	6,000,000

Each of these items indicates a run of prosperity which seems to be general. The increase of five millions in circulation indicates that business is expanding, and that the banks are ready and willing to meet this expansion. The increase in current loans gives further proof of this. The added government funds show that our governments are practising economy, and living within their income. The fact that the banks owed them five million more on the first of April than they did on the first of March is a good sign. The increase of eight millions in deposits indicates that the people themselves are living within their incomes, and practising economy.

For all these reasons, the March bank statement is one of the most notable records in the financial history of the Dominion.

Financing the Dominion

LAST year Canada spent twenty-three million dollars on public works, including railways. This was no less than 82 per cent. of the total expenditure chargeable to capital account. The total revenue for the year was \$165,528,137, as against \$162,745,386 for the year ending March 31st, 1912. The expenditure out of revenue accounted for to March 31st was \$85,625,013, an increase over 1911 of \$12,064,420.

On and Off the Exchange

An Increased Dividend's Result

THE event of the week on the stock exchange was the jump in Toronto paper. At the beginning of this year there were transactions at 69½, and last week the stock stood at 81½. Then it advanced 19½ points selling at 102. It opened the week at 101. The reason for such a marked advance was the declaration, by the directors, of an increased dividend on the capital stock from five per cent. to eight. Some such announcement was expected, but the jump to a basis of eight per cent. was certainly not anticipated.

For the seven months ending March 31st, net profits of \$80,793 are shown.

We shall be pleased to forward upon request our list of selected Canadian

Municipal Debentures

We offer the most desirable issues to yield from

5% to 6%

Wood, Gandy & Co
Toronto Saskatoon London Eng.

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited,
Chief Toronto Agents

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Members Toronto Stock Exchange

401 Traders Bank Building
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Members of Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers And Bankers

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CABLE ADDRESS--CAWLOCK, TORONTO

THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY

W. S. DINNICK, Vice-Pres. and Man.-Dir.
Debentures for sale bearing interest at FIVE per cent. per annum, payable half yearly.
Capital and Surplus Assets, \$1,400,000.00
Total Assets, \$2,800,000.00

Write for information.
Head Office: TORONTO, Canada

This is an increase at the rate of fifty per cent. over the previous year. The balance carried forward to profit and loss was \$46,000. The total assets on March 31st were \$1,449,066.

Leading Banks Announce Bonus

WITH the declaration of their quarterly dividends, the two largest banks in Canada announced the distribution of an extra one per cent. in the form of a bonus to shareholders. The Bank of Montreal declared a bonus of one per cent. payable June 2nd next, and the Bank of Commerce also declared a one per cent. bonus. The action of these two leading banks in making an increased distribution of profits just now is significant. At a time when business sentiment has been showing some hesitation, in view of the prolonged scarcity of money, the bonus declarations may be taken as expressions of confidence in the soundness of conditions in Canada, and confidence in the immediate outlook. Unless such confidence were justified, the banks would undoubtedly have deferred making any such payments even though the half year's business warranted them. The monetary situation of the last six months has brought a check to speculation, particularly in real estate, but, so far as the banks are concerned, business has suffered little. Conditions are inherently sound, and a continuance of prosperity is being looked for.

Porto Rico Railway's Year

BECAUSE of a heavy increase in operating expenses, the net earnings of the Porto Rico Railway Company show a decrease for last year of \$45,370. Gross earnings increased by \$79,282. The total net income shows a decrease of \$6,379. The percentage of expenses to earnings increased from 53.43 to 63.37. After providing for interest on bonds and preferred dividends, the surplus equalled 5.94 per cent. on the common shares.

Strong Position of National Brick Co.

THE National Brick Company, of La Prairie, has declared a dividend of 1 1/4 per cent. on the capital stock for the three months ending February 28th, 1913, and after providing for the payment of this dividend there remains \$230,196.17 at the credit of profit and loss. The balance sheet shows total liquid assets amounting to \$369,383, against liabilities, which include accrued bond interest, of \$75,596, thus leaving the company in a strong position, with ample working capital.



J. N. GREENSHIELDS, K.C.
President National Brick Co.

It is estimated that the total output of the company for the current year will be not less than 135,000,000 bricks. For the period covered by the statement it was 94,000,000.

holders have empowered their directors to proceed with the issue of twenty million four per cent. debentures, guaranteed by the G. T. R. This issue was authorized by the Dominion Government not long ago. It is estimated that ten million dollars worth of securities—municipal and public service—have been placed in the United States since the beginning of the year, so that Uncle Sam is becoming a man to be taken into account in matters pertaining to Canadian finance.

New Issues

THERE have been few new issues in the Canadian market recently. An issue of \$3,000,000 six per cent. first mortgage bonds of the St. Lawrence Pulp and Paper Co., a United States company, operating in Gaspé and Bonaventure counties, Quebec, was offered in Boston by two large banking houses there. The Grand Trunk Pacific share-

A Comparison in Failures

DURING the first quarter of this year there were 408 insolvencies with an aggregate indebtedness of \$4,939,061. Compared with 1911, the number of failures is less, but the total liabilities are more. Indeed, they are the largest since 1908, when there were 512 failures for \$5,036,903. The figures since 1908 are:

Year.	Insolvents.	Liabilities.
First Quarter of 1908	512	\$5,036,903
" 1909	425	4,814,627
" 1910	426	4,021,584
" 1911	367	2,876,705
" 1912	429	3,120,015
" 1913	408	4,939,061

Carter Crume's Good Year

THERE must be money in check books—at least, in their manufacturing, for the thirteenth annual report of the Carter Crume Company, of Toronto, manufacturers of counter check books, shows profits at the rate of 5.6 per cent. on common stock. There are dividend requirements of 2 per cent. to be provided for. The net profits show an increase over last year of 23 per cent. The balance at the credit of Profit and Loss is increased by \$45,176. Even better results are expected for 1913.

Upward Trend of Prices

THE unswerving upward movement in prices for the last twenty-two years is strongly emphasized in the tale of 1912. Wholesale market prices advanced 6.5 per cent. over 1911. Since 1890 the advance on 272 outstanding commodities has been 46 per cent. The last four years have been unprecedented. Taking 100 as the average price twenty-two years ago, in 1908 it rose to 120.6, by December, 1911, it was 129.6, and by the end of 1912 it was 136. The most marked advances are in fuel, lighting and rentals. The latter moved up to 6 per cent. above the prices of 1911.

THE DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

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MONTREAL LONDON, E C ENG

6% INCOME

CITY OF KAMLOOPS, B.C.

5% DEBENTURES

Due 1st Oct., 1922.

Denomination \$500.

Assessment of Municipality . . . \$4,183,452
Net Debt of 201,660

PRICE: To Yield 6%

Complete information sent on request.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS

J. W. FLAVELLE, President
W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager
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Investing Small Amounts

AMOUNTS as small as \$500 are accepted by this company for investment. Four and a half per cent. interest is allowed on sums deposited as above for 3 to 5 years, and the safety of both principal and interest is guaranteed.

National Trust Company Limited

TORONTO

Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Regina

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$15,000,000; Reserve Fund, \$12,500,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L. President.
ALEXANDER LAIRD General Manager.
JOHN AIRD Assistant General Manager.

Branches in every Province of Canada and in the United States, England and Mexico.

Travellers' Cheques

The Travellers' Cheques issued by this Bank are a very convenient form in which to provide funds when travelling. They are issued in denominations of

\$10 \$20 \$50 \$100 \$200

and the exact amount payable in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

These cheques may be used to pay Hotels, Railway and Steamship Companies, Ticket and Tourist Agencies and leading merchants, etc. Each purchaser of these cheques is provided with a list of the Bank's principal paying agents and correspondents throughout the world. They are issued by every branch of the Bank.

Shall Judges Make our Laws ?
(Concluded from page 7.)

lawyer or litigant—who does not feel that Sir William Ralph Meredith is a more than worthy successor of all his distinguished predecessors.

We must take no stock in the current gossip that some of Sir James' colleagues have left the Council Chamber during council meetings because Sir William was there. Surely Sir James has as much control over his Ministers in the Council Chamber as over his followers in the House. And if Sir William was there, who can object? Who better could explain to Sir James what his legislation meant?

But even at the risk of some misguided minds suggesting any political motive (my interest is that of a lawyer), or even that I do not appreciate and admire the subject of this monograph, certain questions must be asked:

Should a Government delegate its legislative functions to those who have not been appointed by the people to govern? And most particularly should the legislative duties of a Government with regard to civil rights and education, the reconstruction of our statutes and the constitution of our courts be entrusted to—nay, forced upon—any of our Judges, who in the final result (in this Province at least) may have to interpret and determine what the laws really mean, which they are reputed to have drawn?

Do the people of Ontario really understand that there is such a union of the legislative and judicial powers, as is so plainly indicated?

It is not a question of whether the judicial mind may or may not be better than the mind of the people. It is not a question of weighing balances as to whether in the long run we are getting good laws or bad laws, better laws or worse laws than those that they supersede.

It is a question—the same old question—of responsible government, only in another form. Put plainly, the real issue is this:

Shall our Judges or any of them, no matter how able, make our laws?

Alphonse Verville, M.P.

(Concluded from page 9.)

Politics is not the sphere for the prognosticator. It's too uncertain and dangerous. Yet—and yet—there are those bold enough to undertake to interpret the future. There are those who say that, should the Liberals come back again to office, the master plumber would become Hon. Alphonse Verville, Minister of Labour. Why not? Canada has had three Ministers of Labour. Two of them have been lawyers; the other a student—some say a theorist. It would be an interesting thing to see a practical Labour man tackle the job.

Of course, politicians consider other things than fitness. And the idea of a Labour man, out-and-out, whose Liberalism is of the strong independent character rather than the clear-cut party colour, might not suit the Liberal politicians. Again there is the possibility that the man himself might not be willing to give up his place as the untrammelled representative of the men of toil to become adviser to His Majesty in a party ministry. At any rate it would be safe to assume that he would not care much about the "Honourable." He would prefer to remain just plain Alphonse Verville.

Prize Competitions

BOYS and girls up to the age of eighteen are invited to compete in a prize competition. This closes on July 15th, and is for an essay of not more than three hundred words entitled "The Story of the Nest"; tell of (1) The finding of a nest, with a record of the date. (2) What kind of bird occupied the nest. (3) Was it an old or a new nest, and of what was it made. (4) When were the eggs laid. (5) Describe them—how many. (6) When were the birdlings hatched. (7) On what date did they first fly.

There is also a prize of \$25 for an essay on "The Ambitions of the Canadian Mechanic," to be written by a mechanic. Write for full particulars.

We Offer Lots in Three Properties Where Money Can Be Made Quickly

Hampstead Park } \$15
In North West Part of City, Near Belt Line }
Railway. } Per Foot

Regent's Park } \$16
Near Proposed Civic Car Lines. } Per Foot

Glebe Manor } \$32
Extends from Yonge St. to Bayview Ave. }
Most central of all building lot property. } Per Foot

We will gladly send Folders, Books and full and complete information regarding these properties on request. There should be a handsome profit for anyone who buys lots there now at these prices. We invite either city or non-resident buyers to come and see the properties in our motor cars.

Dovercourt Land, Building and Savings Company, Limited
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ANNUAL REPORT

National Brick Company of Laprairie, Limited

Report of the President and Directors for the year ended 28th February, 1913

Submitted at the Annual Meeting of Shareholders, held on Monday, 21st April, 1913

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:—

Your Directors submit herewith Balance Sheet as upon the 28th February, 1913, and Statement of Profit and Loss, certified by George A. Savage, Chartered Accountant.

The past year has been marked by great activity in the building business and the demand for your Company's products has exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

The outlook for next year is very bright, the orders on the books at the beginning of the year being considerably in excess of those on hand at the corresponding date last year.

During the past year your Company has acquired the property and plant of the Laprairie Brick Company, Limited.

In arranging for the operation of your Company's new plant at Delson, in conjunction with the Laprairie plant, certain difficulties were of necessity encountered, but we are pleased to state that these have been overcome and the present organization has effected great economies in the operation of both properties.

Referring to the Profit and Loss Statement, it will be noted that the year's manufacturing profit of the two plants, after deducting cost of administration Directors' Fees, legal expenses, taxes, etc., amounted to \$381,963.27.

Prior to the acquisition by this Company of the total capital stock of the Laprairie Brick Company, Limited, dividends were declared and paid by that Company, amounting to \$36,570. Deducting this sum, together with \$90,197.10 interest on this Company's bonds, there remained an amount of \$255,196.17, representing the net earnings for the year.

Your Directors declared a dividend of 1¼% on the Capital Stock of the Company for the three months ending February 28th, 1913, and after providing for the payment of this dividend there remains \$230,196.17 at the credit of Profit and Loss.

We would draw your attention to the Balance Sheet, which shows total liquid assets amounting to \$369,383.22 against liabilities, including accrued bond interest, of \$75,596.26, thus leaving the Company in a strong position, with ample working capital.

The inventory has been taken at cost and profits only credited on goods actually sold and delivered.

As noted on the Statement the sum of \$273,099.68 carried by the Laprairie Brick Company, Limited, for plant depreciation and renewal, was written off property and building account in the consolidated statement.

Your Directors desire to express their regret at the death of Mr. Peter Lyall, who has been very prominently identified with the Laprairie Brick Company, Limited, and rendered valuable services on this Company's directorate. Mr. James W. Pyke was elected to fill the vacancy on the Board.

During the past year your Company inaugurated its own system of delivery, which has proved very satisfactory to customers and profitable to the Company.

The properties and plants of the Company have been maintained in a high state of efficiency.

In conclusion, your Directors desire to record their appreciation of the valuable and faithful services of the Staff and Employees of the Company, whose efforts have done much towards securing such satisfactory results during the past year.

Submitted on behalf of the Directors,

(Signed) J. N. GREENSHIELDS,
President.

Montreal, 21st April, 1913.

BALANCE SHEET—February 28th, 1913

ASSETS.	LIABILITIES.
Cash on Hand and in Bank .. \$ 71,608.23	Accounts Payable \$17,618.76
Bills receivable 9,082.20	Accrued Interest on Bonds ..
Accounts receivable 135,001.62	outstanding as at 28th Feb-
Stock on hand 149,670.70	ruary, 1913 57,977.50
Unexpired Insurance 4,020.47	\$ 75,596.26
\$ 369,383.22	Reserve for Bad and Doubtful Debts
Property Account, (comprising Land, Buildings, Plant and Machinery, etc., at Laprairie, Delson Junction and Montreal) 4,284,322.17	carried forward from Laprairie Brick Co. 10,103.00
Other Sundry Assets, Sidings, Mortgage, etc. 6,290.04	Capital Stock—Paid up 2,000,000.00
\$4,659,995.43	Bonds Issued 2,319,100.00
	Net Profits for period ending 28th Feb., 1913 255,196.17
	\$4,659,995.43

NOTE:—The Laprairie Brick Company, Limited, carried the sum of \$273,099.68 as Reserve for Plant, Depreciation and Renewal. This amount has been written off the Property and Building account in the Consolidated Statement.

Montreal, 20th March, 1913.

Certified correct,
(Signed) GEO. A. SAVAGE,
Chartered Accountant.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT—February 28th, 1913

Gross Earnings \$396,731.93	
Less Administration, Directors' Fees, Legal Expenses, Taxes, etc. 14,768.66	
\$381,963.27	
Dividends paid on old Laprairie Stock \$36,570.00	
Bond Interest 90,197.10	
\$126,767.10	
Net Profits \$255,196.17	
Equal to 12¼ per cent. on the common stock.	

Certified correct,
(Signed) GEO. A. SAVAGE,
Chartered Accountant.

Montreal, 20th March, 1913.

New Hose Free

Send for six pairs of Cotton or Cashmere Holeproof Hose. Six pairs guaranteed to wear six months. If any wear, tear or break a thread in six months, you get new hose Free! Light, medium, and the heavier weights. All guaranteed.

Six guarantee coupons with every six pairs.

More than a million people in the United States and Canada now buy their hose from us in this way. They save all the darning they formerly had to do. They never wear darned hose now. They save money, too, for twelve pairs a year keep their hose whole forever. Six pairs for men cost \$1.50 to \$3 a box. Six pairs for women cost from \$2 to \$3 a box. Three pairs of children's Holeproof Stockings, guaranteed three months, cost \$1.

Think What It Means!

Think what such hose—at the price of common hose—save in time, trouble and money. Forget the darning. Forget hurtful darned places that make the feet sore. Forget the whole question of hosiery by simply buying two boxes a year!

Our 13th Year

We have been selling fine hose in this manner for the past thirteen years. In that short time we have come to be the largest house of our kind in existence. Our success is due solely to making the hose that the most people prefer. The same people buy them again and again because of their wonderful quality. In all our experience, 95% of our output has outlasted the six months' guarantee. That amounts to 24,700,000 pairs.



"Wear Holeproof Hose and End the Mend"

Our \$60,000 Inspection

insures this quality in every stitch. We pay that amount in salaries to inspectors yearly. They examine each pair twice over, carefully, to see that it lacks every possible flaw. We do this to protect ourselves as well as to insure the wear to our customers. There is no better way that we know to make hosiery, and there are no better hose to be had. Don't you think that our million customers prove it?

The figures above refer to our business in both Canada and the United States.

Send the Coupon

Send today for six pairs of these hose to try. See what they save. Note the comfort they give. Send the money in any convenient way. Mark the grade, size and color plainly. Ser the coupon below, or a post card or letter. I. it right now, while you're thinking about it. We guarantee satisfaction as well as the wear.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.
264 Bond Street, London Canada

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd. (432)
264 Bond Street, London, Canada

Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for

..... (state whether for men, women

or children). Size..... Color.....

Weight.....

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Province.....

Corson's
Perfumes & Toilet Requisites



—When a Lady buys Perfume—

—She chooses it with as much discrimination as she does her gowns and hats.

It must be distinctive in character—it must breathe refinement—and it must be of strictly high quality.

Corson's Toilet Requisites fill all these requirements, whether in Perfumes, Toilet Waters, Face Creams, or Talcs.

They are composed of the most expensive materials, carefully compounded by skilled chemists.

Corson's

Perfumes & Toilet Requisites

Corson's "IDEAL ORCHID" and Corson's "POMANDER" line of Perfume, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder, etc., are particular favorites.

Ask your druggist for 10c. sample of the Orchid odor. 1

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"Makes Woodwork Shine"

Matchless Liquid Gloss

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Dusts, polishes and disinfects in one.

A fast growing favorite with housekeepers everywhere.



Matchless Liquid Gloss is put up in half-pint, pint, quart, half-gallon and five-gallon lithographed tins; also in barrels and half-barrels.

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Toronto Winnipeg Montreal
St. John Halifax

Labour-Saving Economical Convenient

are the prime qualities of the Barnes Suction Cleaner. With it the bugbear of housecleaning is entirely removed with less labour.

It will clean your floors, carpets, walls, pictures, mattresses, tufted furniture, etc., all with the ease and simplicity suggested in our illustration. It is so light and convenient, weighing only five and a half pounds, that a child can operate it.

It operates by electricity at a cost of less than half a cent per hour.

It costs only \$30.00 cash. We also have an easy payment plan.

Send for our booklet giving full particulars.

Advance Mfg. Company
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Cleaning House
a pleasure

with the

Barnes' Suction Cleaner



WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

The Fairy Folk

Of course, no one is superstitious in this enlightened age; or, rather, you have firm beliefs and I have the superstitions. We do not believe in ghosts, and yet we should be ever so afraid of walking alone through a graveyard at midnight. We laugh at the idea of luck, but we are still rather careful about how we glance at the new moon, and actually tremble if we break a looking-glass. As for fairies—who believes in the Wee Folk any longer? What room for fairies is there in a country of mines and railroads and grain elevators?

However, the fairies are here, in spite of our picks and ploughs and shovels—and if you are properly good and meek, and still believe in the Slave of the Lamp who brought the sparkling gems to Aladdin, you may almost catch a glimpse of the Wee Folk on these clear spring evenings when the moon is shining so silverly through the black pine branches and there is the stir of new life on the marshes. They are just as close to us as ever they were, the Wee Folk in their elves' colours, laughing in their elfin glee, because they can never know mortal sorrow or trouble. They are the most comfortable comrades in the world, because they know and care nothing about it and so carry us off to a country where worries drop into a fairy bog and are lost. Keep your belief in the Wee Folk, for they alone know the path to the Land of Heart's Desire.

"Do you wonder where the fairies are,
That folks declare have vanish'd?
They're very near, yet very far,
But neither dead nor banish'd.
They live in the same green world
to-day
As in bygone ages olden,
And you enter in by the ancient way,
Thro' an ivory gate and golden."

The Medicine of the Red Gods

YES, that is Kipling's phrase for it, in the heading of this paragraph, although I suppose more commonplace persons would call it "spring fever." It is in the very air, and twittering from the branches, and everyone is talking about going away. The Red Gods, the deities of forest and stream and prairie, who are far from the crowded ways, have "mixed their medicine again" and we are all restless for the big, open spaces, where life is all made over and the foolish work we have been doing all the rest of the year is forgotten in the joys of Vagabondia.

"Don't you love it?" said a Small Person to me, as we once walked near a railroad track and she sniffed that indefinable odour of tar and cinders and coal which the train always leaves behind it.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"The smell of going away," replied the Small Person, who is a gypsy at heart and would love to spend her days in a caravan and her nights beneath the stars.

So, we turn in these restless days, to travel talk and are interested in the very lightest make of trunk or valise—the basket kind that is simply no weight, at all. Even railway and steamship time-tables suddenly assume an air of romance, and we wonder whether we can really afford to go as far as Italy and whether it would be at all possible to reach St. Petersburg. So, you get all the travel books you can find in the library, and, by the time you have read half-a-dozen of them, you are embarrassed by the variety of your travel aspirations, for, behold, you want to go everywhere—and alas! tickets are absolutely demanded.

Canadians are not as noted for globe-trotting as

their American cousins, but they enjoy a vacation as much as any of the holiday-makers—and there is no country on the map which has more tempting spots for the wanderer than our Dominion.

The Canadian Equestrienne

THE recent holding of the nineteenth Canadian National Horse Show in Toronto has reminded us that the motor has not entirely driven the noble steed from social life. The Horse Show has been frequently described as a "Beauty and Beast" exhibition, as if it were chiefly an opportunity for the display of Fashion's latest vagaries. However, the horse is not really in the background and was seen at his proudest in the Armouries this week.

While Canadian women are hardly as familiar



DIANA IN CANADA

In the Agreeable Forms of the Clever Horse-women (Reading from Left to Right): Miss Mollie MacLean, of Toronto; Miss Marjorie MacDonald, of Toronto; Mrs. Bowie, of St. John, and Miss Grace Bell, of Montreal—Prominent Figures, Several of These, at the Horse Show Held This Week at the Armouries, Toronto.

with the field as their English sisters, there are many who take a healthy interest in the equestrian world. It is a pity that more of them cannot be induced to cultivate riding, as well as motoring, for there is nothing more conducive to health and joy than a canter across country. In the East, there are many picturesque roads, especially those near the sea, which tempt the rider. Miss Alice O'Brien, of Halifax; Mrs. Douglas Bowie and Mrs. C. J. Coster, of St. John, are among the equestriennes of the Maritime Provinces who are devoted to this delightful sport. In Montreal, Miss Enid Campbell, Miss Grace Bell and Miss Jeanne Chevalier are all noted for their horsemanship. In the Capital, there are several excellent riders, and the ladies of Government House, true to Old Country traditions, usually set a good example in their fondness for both driving and walking. Mrs. D'Arcy McGee is one of the most expert horse-women in Ottawa, and, in the younger set, Miss Phyllis Whitley is conspicuous for her grace and ability. Toronto has a number of accomplished horsewomen, among them being Mrs. Douglas Young, Mrs. Homer Dixon and Mrs. W. Ridout Wadsworth. In Hamilton, the members of the Hendrie family of "Holmstead" have done a great deal to encourage an interest in equestrian sport. London has a good Hunt Club and among Canadian horsewomen no one is more famous for many trophies than Mrs. Adam Beck, of the Forest City. In the West, Miss Amy Colquhoun, of Winnipeg, Miss Harris, of Calgary and the Misses Murphy, of Edmonton, are well-known as enthusiastic horse-

women. In Vancouver, Mrs. A. D. McRae is an equestrienne who is devoted to the royal sport and has several very fine horses in her stables on Shaughnessy Heights.

A York Pioneer, who has seen many changes in Toronto, was recently speaking of the old days when so many women throughout the country took a daily ride on horseback. "Why, in those days," he declared, "every woman knew how to ride. The farmers' wives had time, at least two or three times a week, for a good trot along the country roads. You didn't hear anything then about nerves and brain fag. An hour in the saddle would soon settle a case of worry or prostration. Women need more out-door exercise—and there's nothing so good as a breezy gallop."

The Pioneer is right, no doubt, and if the National Horse Show induces more of our Canadian women to throw dull care aside and "round the world away" on the back of a trusty steed, then it will have been abundantly worth while. Then, there is the aesthetic consideration as well, which, of course, has some weight with the Daughters of Eve. A woman never looks more spirited and graceful than when in command of a horse which obeys every movement of its fair rider and which takes a delight in carrying her over hillsides and downs.

What a long list of fair women the poets and the novelists have given us, who have won all hearts as they dashed along the cliffs or through the woods, on their gallant grey steeds! Di Vernon is not to be forgotten, Beatrix is a bright memory, but most radiant of all is the Laureate's Queen Guinevere:

"As fast she fled thro' sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her play'd,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid:
She looked so lovely, as she sway'd
The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

ERIN.

Housekeeping to Please Oneself

THE sting of poverty and small means is gone when one keeps house for one's own comfort and not for the comfort of one's neighbours."

We are struck with the wisdom of the above aphorism as the spring house-cleaning approaches. No doubt we can all recall some country woman friend whose modest home always seemed to us a little private paradise. It was so far removed from the conventional design of formal city houses ranged in blocks. We cherished in memory the old stone flagging, the white-washed cellar with its orderly array of milk pans, the geraniums, the box of lettuce being sprouted for early planting, and the new rag carpet with the turkey-red stripe. We liked to spend our summer holidays with that friend. We never dissected the reason.

Then suddenly we discovered a change. Our friend was keeping house to please her next-door neighbour. Some prating meddler had hinted that rag carpets went out of style thirty years ago, and dropped the remark that farmhouses were the most awkwardly arranged abodes on the globe. Our friend became inoculated with the virus of jealousy. She set about having a new house modelled after every other house in the world. Store-bought rugs appeared on the floor, and a bought-and-paid-for fern adorned the window. The husband seemed ill at ease in the midst of the unaccustomed; his helpmeet over-wrought and fussy. Repose was gone and expense was doubled. All the reward, the scanty satisfaction things were "just as good as other people's."

For my part, I hope that many a new rag carpet will go down after the spring cleaning.—M.B.

The I. O. D. E. in Winnipeg

Giving Proof of the City's Qualification to Entertain the National Meeting this Month

FOR the first time in its history, the annual meeting of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, will be held this year outside of Toronto, the National headquarters. The meeting will be held at Winnipeg on the 13th, 14th and 15th of May.

The change, by reason of Winnipeg's location, anticipates a difference in the assemblage. Delegates from the extreme west, who heretofore in attending the convention had to traverse two-thirds the distance across this broad dominion, while delegates from the extreme east journeyed one-third that distance, will find the problem of being present materially simplified. The representation should gain very much in western personnel while losing nothing in eastern attendance.

As to Winnipeg's fitness to be a gathering-ground of the Order, the facts are abundant. In the first place, it has twelve primary chapters and a municipal chapter, all distinctly practical and aggressive. The municipal chapter is under the direction of Mrs. Matheson, wife of Most Reverend S. P. Matheson, Primate of all Canada. The Manitoba chapters, in the second place, have been most active. A substantial instance, the fund raised for erecting the sanatorium at Ninette.

A present scheme being operated by the originator, Miss Edna Sutherland, regent of the Lord Selkirk Chapter, and her co-workers among the various chapters, is the establishment in Winnipeg of a Settlers' Welcome League. Plans have been shaping through several months and interest has been steadily extended. It has long been felt that, while numerous leagues and societies in the old land have been superintending the transportation of young people in untold numbers hither, there has been relatively little of organized effort on Canada's part toward welcoming those arrivals.

The plan is to open an office in Winnipeg and maintain a secretary, for the clear, effectual conducting of the work of assisting the women arrivals from Great Britain. Two representatives from each city chapter will constitute the executive of the League.

It is proposed to raise the necessary fund for the



A Prospective Hostess in Winnipeg of the I. O. D. E. is Mrs. Colin Campbell, in Her Office of President of the new Provincial Chapter of Manitoba.

secretary's salary by means of a Pageant of Empire, a fitting spectacle. The pageant is announced to be given in the convention hall of the Industrial Bureau (where already the I. O. D. E. office is established), on May the fifteenth, the sixteenth and the seventeenth—dates which coincide with the Order's convention. The Industrial Bureau is formally opening its Auditorium and the I. O. D. E. will have complete charge of the programme.

The spectacle as forecast is of a comprehensive nature. First, tableaux on an elaborate scale, with choruses and dances, will represent Britannia, the army and navy. Then will appear in succession the countries: England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Canada, Labrador, Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, India, the Crown Colonies, Australasia, African Colonies and coaling stations. In the case of each country, industries, products and sports will be truly, while picturesquely, featured.

So much for the activities of the Winnipeg city chapters. A word now about the provincial chapter. The provincial chapter of Manitoba was organized this year, and is presided over by Mrs. Campbell,



A ROYAL "SWEET SIXTEEN."

A Chance Exists That Queen Mary and Her Namesake Daughter, the Princess, May Visit Canada Next Year, if the King Opens the Exhibition at Toronto. The Princess Recently Had Her Sixteenth Birthday.

wife of Hon. Colin H. Campbell, Minister of Public Works in the province. Mrs. Campbell, in her capacity of regent of the Fort Garry Chapter, in Winnipeg, last year issued the invitation which takes the convention thither. This president of the provincial chapter holds office appropriately, for she was one of the founders of the Order in the west. If the state of her husband's health permits, Mrs. Campbell will take a prominent part in the forthcoming business and entertainment in her city, and, beyond a doubt, her keenness of mind and her kindness of spirit will go far to make the annual gathering a success.

M. J. T.

The Lady-in-Waiting Wedded

CHARMED with his conquest at Rideau Hall, which a ceremony in London has culminated, the archer-god sees fit for a time to relinquish the royal door-mat and is off to pitch his tent in other quarters. June will tell.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Pelly, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Connaught, to Captain T. H. Rivers Bulkeley, equerry to the Duke of Connaught, recently transpired in London at the guards' chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bride was attended by five bridesmaids; she gowned charmingly in white-gold brocade, veiled in lace once worn by her mother, Lady Lillian Yorke, and carrying a prayer-book, the gift of the groom, in place of the conventional bride's bouquet, and they habited all alike in costumes reminiscent of Reynolds' pictures.

The bridesmaids were the Hon. Irene Charteris, Miss Mary Pelly, Lady Mary Campbell, Miss Muriel Astor and Miss Josepha Smith. The part of giving the bride away was performed by the lady's step-father, Sir Henry Yorke.

Among the distinguished guests in attendance were the Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur and Princess Patricia; Lord Strathcona, the Duchess of Hamilton and Sir John and Lady Maxwell. The King and the Queen sent marriage gifts. The presents, approximating a thousand, were wide in Canadian representation—a testimony of a pleasing sort of the pair's popularity in this country.

A Promoter of Work Amongst the Blind

IN the past two decades, a movement has been gaining its object to banish the barrier existing between the seeing and the sightless. Practically all the cities in the United States, at the present time, have societies which promote the interests of the blind. Canada cannot boast of so much as yet. There are only three cities, to the knowledge of the writer, supporting such societies—Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa. Then there is the government school at Brantford. And, until very recently, there was no especial thought given to the work among blind women.

The Ottawa society began in a modest way, through Miss Elizabeth Reid, in her music studio, for the express purpose of helping two blind girls to earn their living. These girls, pupils of the Brantford school, had read the Ziegler Magazine (which is sent gratis to all blind people, the world over), and had learned what was being done in the United States for those deprived of sight. They begged Miss Reid to take up their cause in Ottawa

and furnish a means by which they and others similarly situated could become independent.

Miss Reid, probably one of the busiest women in the Capital, took up her added burden and the Society was formed March 3rd, 1910. In her own words, "The prospect of something being done to enable the afflicted to make a living seemed to give them new life. They were pitifully anxious to get to work and to be considered useful members of the community."

Many readers are already familiar with the Canadian Handicrafts idea; that is something the plan for the work amongst the blind, in Ottawa. A central place is needed where all may come, where their work may be carried on and be open for public inspection—whether it be hand-made lace, caned chairs, piano tuning, or anything else. They ask to be allowed to compete with seeing people and are confident that they can stand upon their own merits. They also ask that the public have faith in them.

Miss Reid was the first president and is the present president. She had no wish for the honour; her idea was to give the work impetus and then retire into a modest background. But the very obvious truth is that the Society could not get along without her, and she has the regard and sympathy of the sightless which they do not accord to every one. A member of the Society told the writer recently that one reason for the slowness of the movement in Canada, in his opinion, was that the blind,



Miss Elizabeth Reid, of Ottawa, a Seeing Woman, Who Helps the Sightless—Women Especially—to Gain Their Independence.

themselves, are slow in coming forward; in too many instances they have to be sought out. This increases the difficulty for those who would give them assistance. Miss Reid has not only sought them out, but has helped them.

Magistrate John Askwith, too, has given much of his time and sympathy to the work, and the Society feels that a long step forward has been taken in arranging with Miss Helen Kellar to come to Ottawa next autumn. MADGE MACBETH.

Have You Heard?

THE appointing of women police in our cities would seem to be a simultaneous impulse. Victoria is shortly to follow the example of Toronto, Ottawa and other Canadian cities in the appointment of two women to the force.

At a recent meeting of Commissioners the idea was favoured, but only after a thorough discussion of work that has been accomplished in places where the plan is in operation. The feeling is that two women endowed with police powers can do work more effectually among the girls of the street than policemen can or than women can who have not been invested with those powers. The appointments will be made at an early date.

MISS ETHEL HAYDON, reporter on the staff of the Calgary Albertan and formerly city editor of the St. Thomas Journal, recently gained a name as a fire fighter. At the conflagration which destroyed the Albertan office she greatly assisted in saving important effects.

APPLICATION was recently made to the Edmonton City Council, on the part of the Local Council of Women, to build a home for the use of working-girls. It was advanced that the wages of working-girls were, in numberless cases, insufficient to cover the cost of adequate board and lodging.

The finance and assessment committee declare themselves not in favour of building the said hostel, on the ground that the problem calls for more permanent solving. If wages are low, the committee points out, either employers are paying too little or the character of the girls' work will not support more pay. It suggests the provision of an efficient training school which will improve the nature of work employees render. The trained worker raises her status and can, thereby, command increased wages.

The committee strongly favours a domestic training school, which would include instruction along most lines now followed by the girls in question and which would at once permanently better the employed while giving their employers satisfaction.

THE marriage of Miss Gladys Clay, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Borham Clay, to Mr. Reginald Starnes, son of the late Mr. Harry B. P. Starnes, and grandson of the late Hon. Henry Starnes, was celebrated recently, in St. James'

tasteful decorations, conspired to make the function delightfully brilliant.

Mrs. Sykes (McGill), who presided, was toast-mistress and proposed the first, "The King."

Miss Baker, Toronto, proposed "Our Guests," linking the toast with the name of the guest of honour, Mrs. Macnaughton. The Montreal visitor gracefully replied and recalled the early struggle of women to obtain the right to higher education at McGill. Patly followed the toast "The Superior (?) Sex," proposed by Miss L. MacDougall (Queen's); inimitably responded to by Mrs. McLean (Toronto). "Hobbies"



A Sample of Canadian Horsemanship As Displayed at the Recent Horse Show in Toronto.

was honoured by Mrs. Carman (Toronto) and by Mrs. Boggs (Oxford).

Other speakers were Miss Smillie, of McGill, on "College Reminiscences"; Mrs. Cruickshank, of Smith, on "The Drama in the University"; Mrs. Shortt, of Queen's, on "The Value of the Silent Member"; Miss Cowan on the theme, "On his triumphant way man will not forget his weaker brother"; and Miss Pearce, of Toronto, on "Social Service."

Before the meeting adjourned Miss Smith (Toronto) proposed a toast to "Our President," which was heartily responded to, and Miss Russell (Queen's) to "The Dinner Committee." Mrs. Campbell, Miss Robinson, Miss McKenna, Miss Grenfell and Miss Stitt, to whose unstinted efforts the great success of the evening was due.

"FIELD DAY" for the affiliated societies in London is the apt term whereby the president, Mrs. Boomer, described the annual meeting, this year, of the Local Council of Women. The meeting was exclusively devoted to the hearing of reports of work and the purposes for the future of the various women's organizations in London—of which there are many.

The Women's Canadian Club was represented by Mrs. F. P. Betts; the Victorian Order of Nurses by Mrs. Hodgins for Mrs. Moorhouse; the Convalescents' Home, by Mrs. Blinn; the Aberdeen Society, by Miss McMillan; the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, by Mrs. R. M. Graham; the King's Daughters, by Mrs. Sage; the Women's Sanatorium Aid Society, by Mrs. McCann; the Women's Christian Association, by Miss Moore; the Y. W. C. A., by Mrs. C. C. Waller; the Women Teachers' Guild, by Mrs. Gahan; the Mothers' Union, by Mrs. Boomer; and the Children's Aid Society, by Mrs. Yarker.

An interesting paper by Mrs. John Carling dealt with the care of the feeble-minded, and a clever address by Miss McDonough was devoted to the discussion of citizenship.

In the aggregate a tremendous amount of work has been accomplished and the women's activities promise still more for the future.

AN interesting exhibition of pictures recently in Toronto was one exclusively setting forth the work of two clever young women artists. The exhibitors were Miss Dorothy Stephens and Miss Estelle M. Kerr. and the paintings, nearly a hundred all told, displayed some strikingly original subjects and quite unusual talent in execution.

Diamond Dyes Saved Her Suit



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"I know you will be interested in my experience with Diamond Dyes. Last fall I was in a serious dilemma. I had bought a light brown suit, which soiled so easily that I determined to dye it a darker color. I purchased a package of Diamond Dyes. The druggist had told me this would dye any kind of material, but as I had never dyed anything before, I thought it would be well to test it with a small piece of the cloth. This little precaution saved my suit. The sample came out of the dye so 'streaky' that I knew something must be wrong. Fortunately just then a friend called to tell me that she had changed the color of her 'sweater suit'—a white sweater and a white serge skirt. She dyed the sweater gray and the skirt black. When I told her how unsuccessful I had been, she said she knew what the difficulty was and told me to ask for Diamond Dyes for Wool. I went at once to another drug store and this time I got a package of Black Diamond Dyes for Wool. To be absolutely sure though I again tried a small sample first. The results reassured me, and I found that the suit could be dyed perfectly, with the proper dyes. My suit looks as new and fresh now as when I bought it, and the color is far more becoming."

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Church, Montreal. The matron of honour was Mrs. Harold Clay, and the two bridesmaids, Miss Louise Starnes and Miss Margaret Armstrong. The bridal pair left the city to honeymoon in Havana.

THE Chateau Laurier recently presented a distinctly hothouse effect of feminine culture. The occasion was the third annual dinner of the University Women's Club of Ottawa. High brows and higher spirits, scintillant wits and

Recent Events

THE annual meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada began on May the second and will continue until the ninth, in St. James' Methodist Church, Montreal. The Local Councils are represented from Halifax to Vancouver, and the preparations for the delegation have proved most admirable in every way. Enthusiasm is big as well as the numbers.

The business interests include, in addition to elections to office, reports of the Standing Committees on Laws for the Better Protection of Women and Children, Care of the Aged and Infirm Poor, Public Health, Citizenship, Peace and Arbitration, and other matters. There will be also public lectures and discussions on the four pertinent subjects, "Mentally Defective Children," "Compulsory Education," "Penology" and "Suffrage."

Socially, also, the meeting is termed a success, hostesses of the Council being the Montreal Women's Club, the Women's Canadian Club, Macdonald College, and other women's orders. The city will act at another reception as host.

Local Council of Women. The result is that the Hon. George Faulkner has introduced a measure providing for an amendment of the Halifax city charter which



Mrs. R. Percy Barnes, Regent of the Municipal Chapter, I.O.D.E., of Edmonton.

will enable women in that city to act as school trustees.

THE engagement was recently announced of Miss Agnes Crawford and G. Fred Pearson, Managing Director of the "Morning Chronicle." Miss Crawford enjoys distinction in Halifax as a violinist of rare talent; has been, until very recently, director of the orchestra of the Ladies' Musical Club, and is personally charming.

IT is believed that, within the course of a year, a wing of the residence for women students of Dalhousie University—"Forrest Hall"—will be ready for occupancy. It will testify to coming generations the loyalty of "old girls" of the University, the Dalhousie Alumnae having initiated the movement.

Ottawa Starts Drama League

OTTAWA, from an artistic standpoint, has taken a step forward in the forming of a Drama League Centre. This Club will be affiliated with all other centres in the United States, England and Canada, when we, in the Dominion, organize further. At present probably Montreal is the only Canadian city claiming to have such a club. The object, in a nut-shell, is to crowd out in-artistic and otherwise objectionable plays by attending only good ones, and to build up appreciative audiences for the latter, through study classes, reading clubs and lectures; further, to aid in restoring the drama to honourable place as the most intimate, comprehensive and democratic medium for the self-expression of the people. The University Women's Club has credit for forming the Centre and hopes to realize big results within the next few months.

A good many actors are in sympathy with the League; have consented to give of their precious time in order to address the various Centres. Mr. Milton Rosmer addressed the inaugural meeting recently.



A Montreal Authoress, Mrs. Fenwick Williams, Who is One of the Leading Local Suffragettes.

hear about this event. The itinerary throughout is fascinating.

Notes From Nova Scotia

WOMEN may act as school commissioners in towns in Nova Scotia by a bill which passed the House of Assembly some time ago. The bill, however, did not apply to the cities Halifax and Sydney. Recently that privilege was sued for by a deputation of Halifax women, Mrs. William Dennis, Dr. Ritchie, and Mrs. Sexton, acting on behalf of the



Typical May-Day Celebration at One of the Ontario Girls' Schools.

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The Promise of Lucy Ellen

(Concluded from page 9.)

refusing to sit down.

"What is it you want?" she said harshly.

"Cecily," said Lucy Ellen faintly, "Cromwell was here to-night. He asked me to marry him. I told him to come to-morrow night for his answer."

She paused and looked imploringly at Cecily. Cecily did not speak. She continued to stand by the table, staring unrelentingly at the wall. The rigidity of her face and figure smote upon Lucy Ellen like a blow. She threw out her bleached little hands and spoke with a sudden passion utterly foreign to her.

"Cecily, I want to marry him. I—I—love him. I always have. I never thought of this when I promised. O, Cecily, you'll let me off my promise, won't you?"

"No," said Cecily. It was all she said. Lucy Ellen's hands fell to her sides and the light went out of her face.

"You won't?" she said hopelessly. Cecily went out. At the door she turned.

"When John Andrews asked me to marry him six years ago I said no for your sake. To my mind a promise is a promise. But you were always weak and romantic, Lucy Ellen."

Lucy Ellen made no response. She stood limply on the hearth rug like a faded blossom bitten by frost.

After Cromwell Sloane had gone away the next evening, with all the brisk jauntiness shorn from him for the time, Lucy Ellen went up to Cecily's room. She stood for a moment in the narrow doorway, the lamplight striking upwards with gruesome effect on her wan face.

"I've sent him away," she said dully. "I've kept my promise, Cecily."

There was silence for moment. Cecily did not know what to say. She had a horrible feeling of guilt. Suddenly Lucy Ellen burst out bitterly:

"I wish I was dead!"

Then she turned swiftly and ran across the hall to her own room. Cecily gave a little moan of pain. This was her reward for all the love she had lavished on Lucy Ellen.

"Anyway, it is all over," she said sourly, looking out into the moonlit boughs of the firs. "Lucy Ellen will get over it. When Cromwell is gone she'll forget all about him. I know her perfectly well. I'm not going to fret. She promised—and she wanted the promise first."

During the next fortnight tragedy held grim sway in the little, weather-grey house among the firs—a tragedy tempered with an equally grim comedy for Cecily, who, amid all her agony, could not help being amused at Lucy

Ellen's romantic way of sorrowing.

Lucy Ellen did her morning work listlessly and drooped through the afternoons. Cecily would have felt it as a relief if Lucy Ellen had upbraided her, but after her outburst on the night she had refused Cromwell Lucy Ellen never uttered a word of reproach or complaint.

One evening Cecily made a neighbourly call on old Mrs. Hiram Sloane. Cromwell Sloane happened to be there and gallantly insisted on seeing her home.

Cecily felt sure, from Cromwell's unaltered manner towards her, that Lucy Ellen had not told him why she had refused him. She felt a sudden softening of heart towards Lucy Ellen. It was good of her not to have told.

When they reached the house Cromwell halted suddenly in the banner of light that streamed from the sitting-room window. They saw Lucy Ellen sitting alone before the fire, her arms folded on the table and her head bowed on them. Her white cat sat unnoticed on the table beside her, occasionally poking its pink nose at the little knob of fawn-coloured hair on Lucy Ellen's head, but meeting with no answering caress.

Cecily gave a gasp of surrender. "You'd better come in," she said harshly. "Lucy Ellen looks lonesome." Cromwell gave an uncomfortable, sheepish laugh.

"I'm afraid I wouldn't be much company for her. Lucy Ellen doesn't like me much—"

"Oh, doesn't she!" said Cecily, with bitter sarcasm. "She likes you better than she likes me, for all I've—but no matter. It's been my doings—she'll explain. Tell her I said she could. Come in, I say."

She caught the still reluctant Cromwell by the arm and fairly dragged him over the geranium beds and through the front door. She opened the sitting-room door and pushed him in. Lucy Ellen rose in amazement. Over Cromwell's bald head loomed Cecily's dark face, tragic and determined.

"Here's your beau, Lucy Ellen," she said, "and I give you back your promise."

She shut the door upon the sudden illumination of Lucy Ellen's face and went upstairs, with tears rolling down her face, to confront the hideously lonely future that yawned before her.

"It's my turn to wish I was dead," she muttered. Then she laughed hysterically.

"That goose of a Cromwell! How absurd he did look, standing there, frightened to death of Lucy Ellen. Poor little Lucy Ellen! Well, I hope he'll be good to her."

The Impostor

(Continued from page 16.)

is not encouraged at Silverdale?"

In the meanwhile Witham, crossing the room, took a vacant place at Maud Barrington's side. She turned her head a moment and looked at him.

Witham nodded. "Yes, I heard," he said. "Why did you do it?"

Maud Barrington made a little gesture of impatience. "That is quite unnecessary. You know I sent you."

"Yes," said Witham a trifle dryly, "I see. You would have felt mean if you hadn't defended me."

"No," said the girl, with a curious smile. "That was not exactly the reason, but we cannot talk too long here. Dane is anxious to take us home in his new buggy, but it would apparently be a very tight fit for three. Will you drive me over?"

Witham only nodded, for Mrs. Macdonald approached in pursuit of him, but he spent the rest of the evening in a state of expectancy, and Maud Barrington fancied that his hard hands were suspiciously unresponsive as she took them when he helped her into the Silverdale wagon—a vehicle a strong man could have lifted, and in no way resembling its English prototype. The team was mettlesome, the lights of Macdonald's homestead soon faded behind them, and they were racing with many a lurch

and jolt straight as the crow flies across the prairie.

There was no moon, but the stars shone far up in the soft indigo, and the grasses whirled back in endless ripples to the humming wheels, dimmed to the dusky blue that suffused the whole intermingling sweep of earth and sky. The sweetness of wild peppermint rose through the coolness of the dew, and the voices of the wilderness were part of the silence of the nocturnal harmonies. The two who knew and loved the prairie could pick out each one of them. Nor did it seem that there was any need of speech on such a night, but at last Witham turned with a little smile to his companion, as he checked the horses on the slope of a billowy rise.

"One feels diffident about intruding on this great quietness," he said. "Still I fancy you had a purpose in asking me to drive you home."

"Yes," said the girl, with a curious gentleness. "In the first place, though I know it isn't necessary with you, I want to thank you. I made Dane tell me, and you have done all I wished—splendidly."

Witham laughed. "Well, you see, it naturally came easy to me."

Maud Barrington noticed the trace of grimness in his voice. "Please try to

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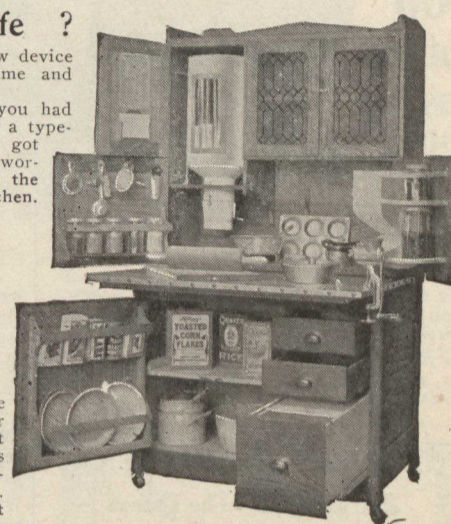
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overlook our unkindness," she said. "Is it really needful to keep reminding me? And how was I to know what you were, when I had only heard that wicked story?"

Witham felt a little thrill run through him, for which reason he looked straight in front of him and shifted his grasp on the reins. Disdainful and imperious as she was at times, he knew there was a wealth of softer qualities in his companion now. Her daintiness in thought and person, and honesty of purpose, appealed to him, while that night her mere physical presence had an effect that was almost bewildering. For a moment he wondered vaguely how far a man with what fate had thrust upon him might dare to go, and then with a little shiver saw once more the barrier of deceit and imposture.

"You believe it was not a true one?" he asked.

"Of course," said Maud Barrington. "How could it be? And you have been very patient under our suspicions. Now if you still value the good-will you once asked for, it is yours absolutely."

"But you may still hear unpleasant stories about me," said Witham, with a note the girl had not heard before in his voice.

"I should not believe them," she said. "Still," persisted Witham, "if the tales were true?"

Maud Barrington did nothing by halves. "Then I should remember that there is always so much we do not know which would put a different colour on any story, and I believe they could never be true again."

Witham checked a little gasp of wonder and delight and Maud Barrington looked away across the prairie. She was not usually impulsive and seldom lightly bestowed gifts that were worth the having, and the man knew that the faith in him she had confessed to was the result of a conviction that would last until he himself shattered it. Then, in the midst of his elation, he shivered again and drew the lash across the near horse's back. The wonder and delight he felt had suddenly gone.

"Few would venture to predict as much. Now and then I feel that our deeds are scarcely contrived by our own will, and one could fancy our parts had been thrust upon us in a grim joke," he said. "For instance, isn't it strange that I should have a share in the rousing of Silverdale to a sense of its responsibilities? Lord, what I could make of it if fate had but given me a fair opportunity!"

He spoke almost fiercely, but the words did not displease the girl. The forceful ring in his voice set something thrilling within her, and she knew by this time that his assertions seldom went beyond the fact.

"But you will have the opportunity, and we need you here," she said.

"No," said Witham slowly. "I am afraid not. Still, I will finish the work I see in front of me. That at least one cannot hope for the unattainable."

Maud Barrington was sensible of a sudden chill. "Still, if one has strength and patience, is anything quite unattainable?"

Witham looked out across the prairie, and for a moment the demons of pride and ambition rioted within him. He knew there were in him the qualities that compel success, and the temptation to stretch out a daring hand and take all he longed for grew almost overwhelming. Still, he also knew how strong the innate prejudices of caste and tradition are in most women of his companion's station, and she had never hidden one aspect of her character from him. It was with a smothered groan he realized that if he flung the last shred of honour aside and grasped the forbidden fruit it would turn to bitterness in his mouth.

"Yes," he said very slowly. "There is a limit, which only fools would pass."

Then there was silence for a while, until, as they swept across the rise, Maud Barrington laughed as she pointed to the lights that blinked in the hollow, and Witham realized that the barrier between them stood firm again.

"Our views seldom coincide for very long, but there is something else to mention before we reach the Grange," she said. "You must have paid out a good many dollars for the ploughing of your land and mine, and nobody's ex-

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"Is it necessary, that I should?"

"Of course," said the girl, with a trace of displeasure.

Witham laughed. "Then I shall be prepared to hand you my account whenever you demand it."

He did not look at his companion again, but with a tighter grip than there was any need for on the reins, sent the light waggon jolting down the slope to Silverdale Grange.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Unexpected.

THE sun beat down on the prairie, which was already losing its flush of green, but it was cool where Maud Barrington and her aunt stood in the shadow of the bluff by Silverdale Grange. The birches, tasselled now with whispering foliage, divided the homestead from the waste which would lie white and desolate under the parching heat, and that afternoon it seemed to the girl that the wall of green shut out more than the driving dust and sun-glare from the Grange, for where the trees were thinner she could see moving specks of men and horses athwart the skyline.

They had toiled in the sun-baked furrow since the first flush of crimson streaked the prairie's rim, and the chill of dusk would fall upon the grasses before their work was done. Those men who bore the burden and heat of the day were, the girl knew, helots now, but there was in them the silent vigour and something of the sombreness of the land of rock and forest they came from, and a time would come when others would work for them. Winning slowly, holding grimly, they were moving on, while secure in its patrician tranquillity Silverdale stood still, and Maud Barrington smiled curiously as she glanced down at the long white robe that clung very daintily about her and then towards her companions in the tennis field. Her apparel had cost many dollars in Montreal, and there was a joyous irresponsibility in the faces of those she watched.

"It is a little unequal, isn't it, aunt?" she said. "One feels inclined to wonder what we have done that we should have exemption from the charge laid upon the first tiller of the soil we and the men who are plodding through the dust there are descended from."

Miss Barrington laughed a little as she glanced with a nod of comprehension at the distant toilers, and more gravely towards the net. Merry voices came up to her through the shadows of the trees as English lad and English maiden, lissom and picturesque in many-hued jackets and light dresses, flitted across the little square of velvet green. The men had followed the harrow and seeder a while that morning. Some of them, indeed, had for a few hours driven a team, and then left the rest to the hired hands, for the stress and sweat of effort that was to turn the wilderness into a granary was not for such as them.

"Don't you think it is all made up to those others?" she asked.

"In one sense—yes," said the girl. "Of course, one can see that all effort must have its idealistic aspect, and there may be men who find their compensation in the thrill of the fight, and the knowledge of work well done when they rest at night. Still, I fancy most of them only toil to eat, and their views are not revealed to us. We are, you see, women—and we live at Silverdale."

Her aunt smiled again. "How long is it since the plough crossed the Red River, and what is Manitoba now? How did those mile furrows come there, and who drove the road that takes the wheat out through the granite of the Superior shore? It was more than their appetites that impelled those men, my dear. Still, it is scarcely wise to expect too much when one meets them, for though one could feel it is presumptuous to forgive its deficiencies, the Berserk type of manhood is not conspicuous for its refinement."

For no apparent reason Maud Barrington evaded her aunt's gaze. "You," she said dryly, "have forgiven one of that type a good deal already, but, at least, we have never seen him when the fit was upon him."

Miss Barrington laughed. "Still, I



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Just then a light waggon came up behind them, and when one of the hired men helped them in they swept out of the cool shade into the dust and glare of the prairie, and when, some little time later, with the thud of hoofs and rattle of wheels softened by the bleaching sod, they rolled down a rise, there was spread out before them evidence of man's activity.

Acre by acre, gleaming chocolate brown against the grey and green of the prairie, the wheat loam rolled away, back to the ridge, over it, and on again. It was such a breadth of sowing as had but once, when wheat was dear, been seen at Silverdale, but still across the foreground, advancing in echelon, came lines of dusty teams, and there was a meaning in the furrows they left behind them, for they were not ploughing where the wheat had been. Each wave of lustrous clods that rolled from the gleaming shares was so much rent from the virgin prairie, and a promise of what would come when man had fulfilled his mission and the wilderness would blossom. There was a wealth of food stored, little by little during ages past counting, in every yard of the crackling sod to await the time when the toiler with the sweat of the primeval curse upon his forehead should unseal it with the plough. It was also borne in upon Maud Barrington that the man who directed those energies was either altogether without discernment, or one who saw further than his fellows and had an excellent courage, when he flung his substance into the furrows while wheat was going down. Then, as the hired man pulled up the waggon, she saw him.

A great plough with triple shares had stopped at the end of the furrow, and the leading horses were apparently at variance with the man who, while he gave of his own strength to the uttermost, was asking too much from them. Young and indifferently broken, tortured by swarming insects, and galled by the strain of the collar, they had laid back their ears, and the wickedness of the broncho strain shone in their eyes. One rose almost upright amidst a clatter of harness, its mate squealed savagely, and the man who loosed one hand from the headstall flung out an arm. Then he and the pair whirled round together amidst the trampled clods in a blurred medley of spume-flecked bodies, soil-stained jeans, flung-up hoofs, and an arm that swung and smote again. Miss Barrington grew a trifle pale as she watched, but a little glow crept into her niece's eyes.

The struggle, however, ended suddenly, and hailing a man who plodded behind another team, Witham picked up his broad hat, which was trampled into shapelessness, and turned towards the waggon. There was dust and spume upon him, a rent in the blue shirt, and the knuckles of one hand dripped red, but he laughed as he said, "I did not know we had an audience, but this, you see, is necessary."

"Is it?" asked Miss Barrington, who glanced at the ploughing. "When wheat is going down?"

Witham nodded. "Yes," he said. "I mean, to me; and the price of wheat is only part of the question."

Miss Barrington stretched out her hand, though her niece said nothing at all. "Of course, but I want you to help us down. Maud has an account you have not sent in, to ask you for."

Witham first turned to the two men who now stood by the idle machine. "You'll have to drive those beasts of mine as best you can, Tom, and Jake will take your team. Get them off again now. This piece of breaking has to be put through before we loose again."

Then he handed his visitors down, and Maud Barrington fancied as he walked with them to the house that the fashion in which the damaged hat hung down over his eyes would have rendered most other men ludicrous. He left them a space in his bare sitting-room, which suggested only grim utility, and Miss Barrington smiled when her niece glanced at her.

"And this is how Lance, the profligate, lives!" said she.

Maud Barrington shook her head. "No," she said. "Can you believe that this man was ever a prodigal?"

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This common sense treatment we speak of is Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell's J. B. L. Cascade, now recommended by the best physicians and used by over 300,000 people. If you are a sufferer from any of these skin troubles profit by the experience of Wm. DeVoy, 703 Seventh Avenue, Lethbridge, Alta., who writes as follows: "I feel it my duty as a thankful patient to express my enthusiasm for the great blessing the J. B. L. Cascade has been to me. Previous to using it I could not go a day without a drug of some sort. Since using it I have not, on my word of honor, swallowed five cents' worth of drugs. I spent over \$300 in the two years previous to hearing of the J. B. L. Cascade. Would that all young men and women I see in this town with their faces covered with horrid, unsightly pimples might use it. They would soon get rid of them as I did." In plain justice to yourself learn more about this simple and remarkable treatment. Write to-day to Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 521-9, 280 College St., Toronto, Ont., and he will send you free his book entitled, "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient."

than she would once have been, but before she could answer Witham, who had made a trifling change in his clothing, came in.

"I can give you some green tea, though I am afraid it might be a good deal better than it is, and our crockery is not all you have been used to," he said. "You see, we have only time to think of one thing until the sowing is through."

Miss Barrington's eyes twinkled. "And then?"

"Then," said Witham, with a little laugh, "there will be prairie hay to cut, and after that the harvest coming on."

"In the meanwhile, it was business that brought me here, and I have a cheque with me," said Maud Barrington. "Please let us get it over first of all."

Witham sat down at a table and scribbled on a strip of paper. "That," he said, gravely, "is what you owe me for the ploughing."

There was a little flush in his face as he took the cheque the girl filled in, and both felt somewhat grateful for the entrance of a man in blue jean with the tea. It was of very indifferent quality, and he had sprinkled a good deal on the tray, but Witham felt a curious thrill as he watched the girl pour it out at the head of the bare table. Her white dress gleamed in the light of a dusty window, and the shadowy cedar boarding behind her forced up each line of the shapely figure. Again the maddening temptation took hold of him and he wondered whether he had betrayed too much, when he felt the elder lady's eyes upon him. There was a tremor in his brown fingers as he took the cup held out to him, but his voice was steady.

"You can scarcely fancy how pleasant this is," he said. "For eight years, in fact, ever since I left England, no woman has ever done any of these graceful little offices for me."

Miss Barrington glanced at her niece, and both of them knew that, if the lawyer had traced Courthorne's past correctly, this could not be true. Still, there was no disbelief in the elder lady's eyes, and the girl's faith remained unshaken.

"Eight years," she said, with a little smile, "is a very long while."

"Yes," said Witham, "horribly long, and one year at Silverdale is worth them all—that is, a year like this one, which is going to be remembered by all who have sown wheat on the prairie, and that leads up to something. When I have ploughed all my own holding I shall not be content, and I want to make another bargain. Give me the use of your unbroken land, and I will find horses, seed, and men, while we will share what it yields us when the harvest is in."

The girl was astonished. This, she knew, was splendid audacity, for the man had already staken very heavily on the crop he had sown, and while the daring of it stirred her she sat silent a moment.

"I could lose nothing, but you will have to bring out a host of men and have risked so much," she said. "Nobody but you, and I, and three or four others in all the province, are ploughing more than half their holdings."

The suggestion of comradeship set Witham's blood tingling, but it was with a little laugh he turned over the pile of papers on the table, and then took them up in turn.

"Very little ploughing has been done in the tracts of Minnesota previously alluded to. Farmers find wheat cannot be grown at present prices, and there is apparently no prospect of a rise," he read.

"The Dakota wheat-growers are mostly following. They can't quite figure how they would get eighty cents for the dollar's worth of seeding this year.

"Milling very quiet in Winnipeg. No inquiries from Europe coming in, and Manitoba dealers generally find little demand for harrows or seeders this year. Reports from Assiniboia seem to show that the one hope this season will be mixed farming and the neglect of cereals."

"There is only one inference," he said. "When the demand comes there will be nothing to meet it with."

"When it comes," said Maud Barrington, quietly. "But you who believe it will stand alone."

"Almost," said Witham. "Still there

Think How Long You've Bothered with That Same Old Corn

Perhaps you have pared it an hundred times and seen it grow again.

You have daubed it with liquids, maybe. Or used old-time plasters.

And the corn remains as bothersome as ever. It will remain until you treat it in a scientific way.

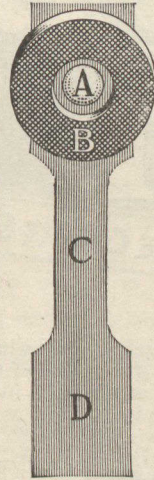
Other folks do this:

They apply a Blue-jay plaster, and the pain stops instantly. Then, for 48 hours, they forget the corn.

In two days the corn is loosened, and they lift it out.

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A million corns monthly are now being removed in this gentle, modern way. Try it on that old corn.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
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D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

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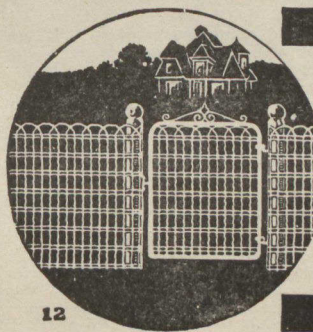
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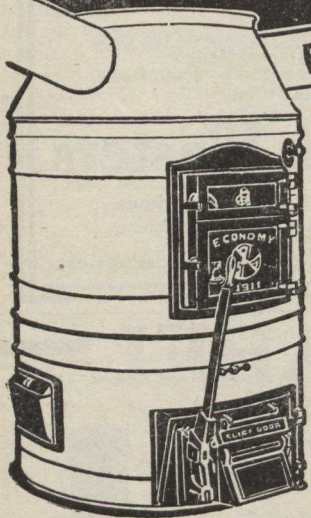
NEW YORK

**HAVE SOLID COMFORT-
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PEASE
"ECONOMY"
FURNACE

PAYS FOR ITSELF BY THE COAL IT SAVES AND ITS LONG LIFE

**The Proof of the
Furnace is in the Heating**



They were both young, very much in love with each other and were to be married shortly. At present they were considering the plans of their new home. "Well dear," said the man, "what kind of a furnace shall we have?" Said the girl, "Oh, it doesn't matter much, I suppose, one is as good as another." "But they are not," said the man. "Look at Jack and Mary. They have been nearly frozen all winter—on the other hand, Bill and Mildred have a PEASE "ECONOMY" FURNACE, and their house is as warm as toast all winter and his coal bill is about one-half of Jack's."

The man continued "Bill showed me a number of exclusive, money-saving, heat-extracting features embodied in the PEASE FURNACES, such as a large combustion chamber that burns all gases and allows no wasted coal, an air blast device over the fire pot that actually burns air, with a vertical shaker that does away with the back-breaking stoop when shaking—and a lot of other devices that enable the PEASE to extract the last bit of heat out of the coal."

"Well dear," said the girl, "it looks as though we ought to get a PEASE FURNACE". So they did and the PEASE "ECONOMY" FURNACE "Pays for itself by the coal it saves." Write to-day for free booklet.

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722

Two Candidates Have Each Nearly 100,000 Votes. Several Others are Near the 50,000 Mark. A General Advance all Along the Line This Week.

TWO candidates in The Canadian Courier contest have almost reached the 100,000 mark. That number will be passed before the next issue undoubtedly. Four or five others are close to the 50,000 mark and are very much in the running. Miss M. Augusta McLeod, of Goderich, is still the leading candidate. A few more votes will place her over 100,000. Miss Blanche F. Bourque, of Sydney, N.S., is in second place and very close to the leader. Both these candidates are outside the big cities, and should not be expected to have the success that can be won in cities of huge population. However, the size of their districts is not bothering them, and they are making a splendid showing.

The Cobalt candidate, Miss Olive Isaacs, has been crowded out of the third position by Miss Annie Huestis, of Sussex, N.B. Sussex is one of the larger and brightest towns in New Brunswick and should be very proud of the showing made by its candidate. Miss Huestis had the largest gain for the week, almost 40,000. The Cobalt candidate, however, is not discouraged, and is positive that the great silver camp will carry off high honors in the contest. Miss Wright, of Prince Edward Island; Miss Cooper, of Richmond Hill, Ont.; Miss Violet McKnight, of New Liskeard, and Miss White, of Spy Hill, Sask., are coming along rapidly and are not very far behind the leaders.

Other candidates who show a splendid gain for the week are Miss Margaret Campbell, of New Waterford, N.S.; Miss Lillian E. Holland, of Halifax; Miss Mary E. Holland, also of Halifax, N.S.; Miss Esther Dewney, of Comox, B.C.; Miss Minnie B. Wentzel, of Denholm, Sask.

It is very encouraging to note the general advance of almost all the Western candidates. They have made a very fine record this week, and it cannot be true that business conditions in the West are quite as threatening as some people would have it generally believed. The success of the candidates in the Western sections seems to demonstrate that things are quite lively there. The Canadian Courier believes that the Western candidates will be a very important factor in the race before the contest ends.

The new candidates this week are Miss Katherine MacDonald, Truro, N.S.; Miss Beatrice Booth, Lardo, B.C.; Miss Alice Hammond, Meaford, Ont., and Miss Lillian L. Pettit, Hamilton.

There is a chance for 50 more candidates without the field being overcrowded. It makes no difference when a candidate enters. Each one will be given extra time to complete the work. None will go unwarded, as a cash commission will be paid to those who fail to get the college course or the trip to Europe. In some cases this cash commission may amount to one or two hundred dollars.

Boys can enter in towns and cities where there are no girl candidates, or where the cities are large enough for boys and girls to both be successful. Boys can work for the college course or the cash commission, but not for the trip to Europe.

Subscribers to The Canadian Courier have begun to accept the suggestions made regarding assisting the candidates, and some are sending in subscriptions asking that the votes be credited to some particular candidate. Others are saving their ballots and forwarding them either to the candidates or direct to The Canadian Courier to be credited for their candidate.

A big packet of votes came in this week from an Eastern town for Miss Wentzel, of Denholm, Sask., and a former Halifax man, now residing in Ontario, sent in a package of votes for Miss Lillian E. Holland, of Halifax.

The standing follows:

Miss M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich, Ont.	95,200	Miss Olivine Giroux, Pembroke, Ont.	11,700
Miss Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S.	89,650	Miss Florence Sheehan, St. John, N.B.	11,600
Miss Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B.	52,850	Miss Ruth Greig, New Westminster, B.C.	11,500
Miss Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont.	45,400	Miss Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont.	11,500
Miss Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P.E.I.	44,750	Miss Dorris Snevd, Welland, Ont.	11,450
Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont.	40,950	Miss Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont.	11,400
Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask.	37,050	Miss Ethel I. Smith, Montreal	11,200
Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont.	35,750	Miss Elsie Cuff, Trenton, Ont.	11,050
Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	26,550	Miss Maude Chambers, Sudbury	11,000
Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S.	22,250	Miss Olive Therien, North Bay, Ont.	11,000
Miss Esther Dewney, Comox P.O., B.C.	21,750	Miss Eustella Burke, Ottawa, Ont.	10,950
Miss Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	20,750	Miss Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont.	10,950
Miss Helen Bryan, Brandon, Man.	19,050	Miss Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont.	10,900
Miss Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N.S.	16,500	Miss Tean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B.	10,900
Miss Ina Spillsbury, Peterboro, Ont.	16,050	Miss Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont.	10,800
Miss Eva P. Whitman, Baildon P.O., Sask.	16,000	Miss Emily Harvett, Edmonton, Alta.	10,800
Miss Minnie B. Wentzel, Denholm, Sask.	15,800	Miss Elizabeth Swallow, Edmonton, Alta.	10,800
Miss Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B.C.	15,750	Miss Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont.	10,800
Miss Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que.	15,700	Miss Mabel Van Buskirk, Mouth of Temsec, N.B.	10,800
Miss Mabel Christie, Peterboro, Ont.	15,200	Miss Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont.	10,750
Miss Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N.B.	14,850	Miss Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S.	10,750
Miss George Mary Hunter, Toronto	14,500	Miss Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont.	10,700
Miss Edna Coutanche, Toronto	13,750	Miss Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont.	10,550
Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont.	13,750	Miss Sophie Shriar, Montreal	10,450
Miss Belle Dunne, Toronto	13,000	Miss Alice Guilmont, Ottawa, Ont.	10,400
Miss Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask.	12,050	Miss Alice Hammond, Meaford, Ont.	10,300
Miss Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N.B.	12,700	Miss Katherine Macdonald, Truro, N.S.	10,000
Miss Etheline Schleifau, Iona P.O., Ont.	12,250	Miss Beatrice Booth, Lardo, B.C.	10,000
Miss Mary Dorcey, Ottawa, Ont.	12,150	Miss Lillian L. Pettit, Hamilton, Ont.	10,000
Miss Marie A. Hebert, Thetford Mines, Que.	11,750		

Ballot No. 10

This ballot is good for 50 votes in the CANADIAN COURIER EDUCATIONAL CONTEST.

For Miss
Address

if forwarded to The Canadian Courier to be credited in the official standing on or before June 10.

NOMINATION BLANK

I hereby nominate
Address
whom I know to be over 15 years of age, of good character, and to be a proper person to enter "THE CANADIAN COURIER" CONTEST.

Signed Address
Countersigned by Pastor of Church or Parish

The first nomination received for any candidate is good for 10,000 votes for the candidate named thereon, provided the nomination is accepted. The votes on only one Nomination Blank will be counted for any candidate.

are a few much cleverer men who feel as I do. I can't give you all my reasons, or read you the sheaf of papers from the Pacific slope, London, New York, Australia; but, while men lose hope, and little by little the stocks run down, the world must be fed. Just as sure as the harvest follows the sowing, it will wake up suddenly to the fact that it is hungry. They are buying cotton and scattering their money in other nations' bonds in the old country now, for they and the rest of Europe forget their necessities at times, but it is impossible to picture them finding their granaries empty and clamouring for bread?"

It was a crucial test of faith, and the man knew it, as the woman did. He stood alone, with the opinions of the multitude against him; but there was, Maud Barrington felt, a great if undefinable difference between his quiet resolution and the gambler's recklessness. Once more the boldness of his venture stirred her, and this time she bore witness to her perfect confidence.

"You shall have the land, every acre of it, to do what you like with, and I will ask no questions whether you win or lose," she said.

Then Miss Barrington glanced at him in turn. "Lance, I have a thousand dollars I want you to turn into wheat for me."

Witham's fingers trembled, and a darker hue crept into his tan. "Madam," he said, "I can take no money from you." "You must," said the little white-haired lady. "For your mother's sake, Lance. It is a brave thing you are doing, and you are the son of one who was my dearest friend."

Witham turned his head away, and both women wondered when he looked round again. His face seemed a trifle drawn, and his voice was strained.

"I hope," he said, slowly, "it will in some degree make amends for others I have done. In the meanwhile, there are reasons why your confidence humiliates me."

Miss Barrington rose and her niece after her. "Still I believe it is warranted, and you will remember there are two women who have trusted you, hoping for your success. And now, I fancy, we have kept you too long."

Witham stood holding the door open a moment, with his head bent, and then suddenly straightened himself.

"I can at least be honest with you in this venture," he said, with a curious quietness.

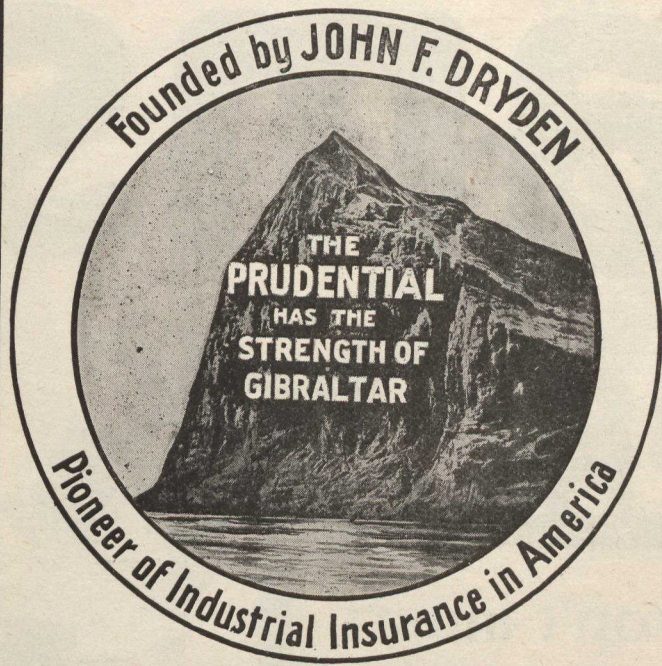
Nothing further was said, but when his guests drove away Witham sat still awhile, and then went back very grim in face to his ploughing. He had passed other unpleasant moments of that kind since he came to Silverdale, and long afterwards the memory of them brought a flush to his face. The excuses he had made seemed worthless when he strove to view what he had done, and was doing, through those women's eyes.

It was dusk when he returned to the homestead worn out in body but more tranquil in mind, and stopped a moment in the doorway to look back on the darkening sweep of the ploughing. He felt with no misgivings that his time of triumph would come, and in the meanwhile the handling of this great farm with all the aids that money could buy him was a keen joy to him; but each time he met Maud Barrington's eyes he realized the more surely that the hour of his success must also see accomplished an act of abnegation, which he wondered with a growing fear whether he could find the strength for. Then as he went in a man who cooked for his hired assistants came to meet him.

"There's a stranger inside waiting for you," he said. "Wouldn't tell me what he wanted, but sat right down as if the place was his and helped himself without asking to your cigars. Wanted something to drink, too, and smiled at me kind of wicked when I brought him the cider."

The room was almost dark when Witham entered it and stood still a moment staring at a man who sat, cigar in hand, quietly watching him. His appearance was curiously familiar, but Witham could not see his face until he moved forward another step or two. Then he stopped once more, and the two, saying nothing, looked at one another. It was Witham who spoke first, and his voice was very even.

(To be continued)



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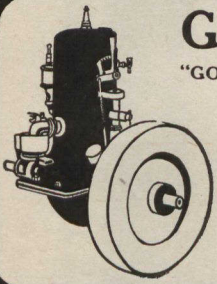
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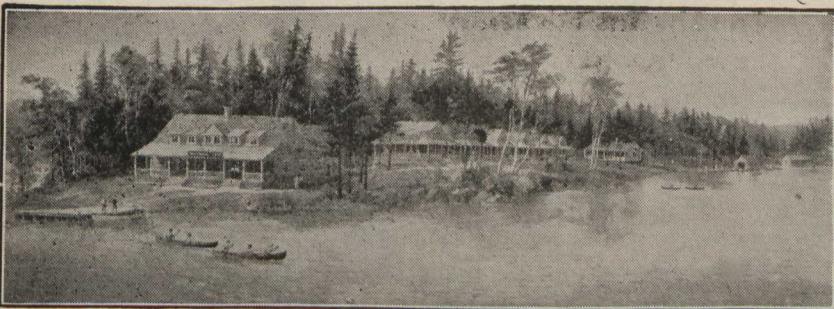
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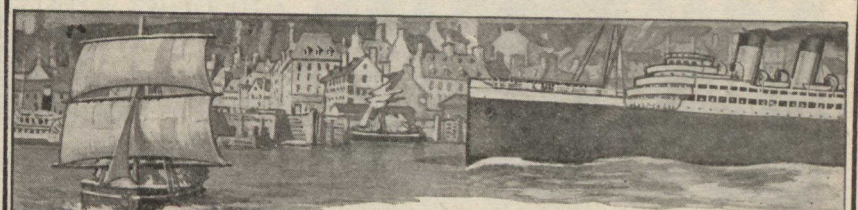


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being inaugurated this season, will prove attractive. This sort of camp is new to the "Highlands of Ontario." It consists of log cabins constructed in groups in the hearts of the wilds, comfortably furnished with modern conveniences, such as baths, hot and cold water, always available.

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Others like Shaving Powder.

Still others find their ideal shaving preparation in Shaving Cream.

Finally, many cling to the shaving cup and cake of soap.

Whichever form of shaving soap suits you best, you will make no mistake if it's Williams'. You can't get quite the same shaving comfort or quite the same soft, creamy, soothing, non-drying lather in other kinds.

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Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick

Williams' Shaving Powder (In the Hinged-cover, Nickeled Box)

Williams' Shaving Cream (In Tubes)

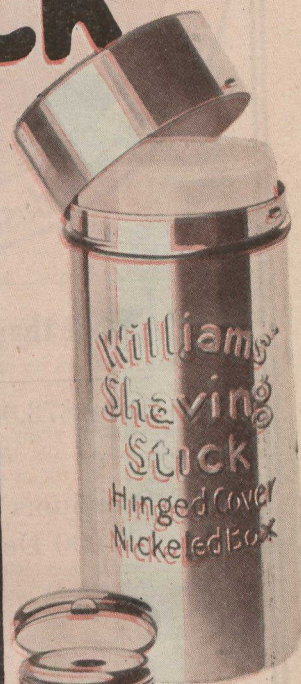
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